



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

TX 428.42 .V279 BK.3

Riverside readers /

Stanford University Libraries



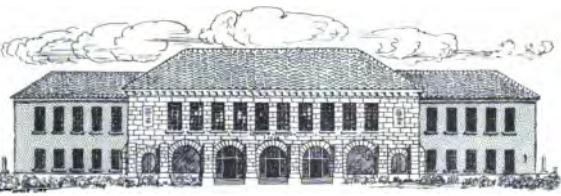
3 6105 04921 9681

225



THIRD-READER

Digitized by Google

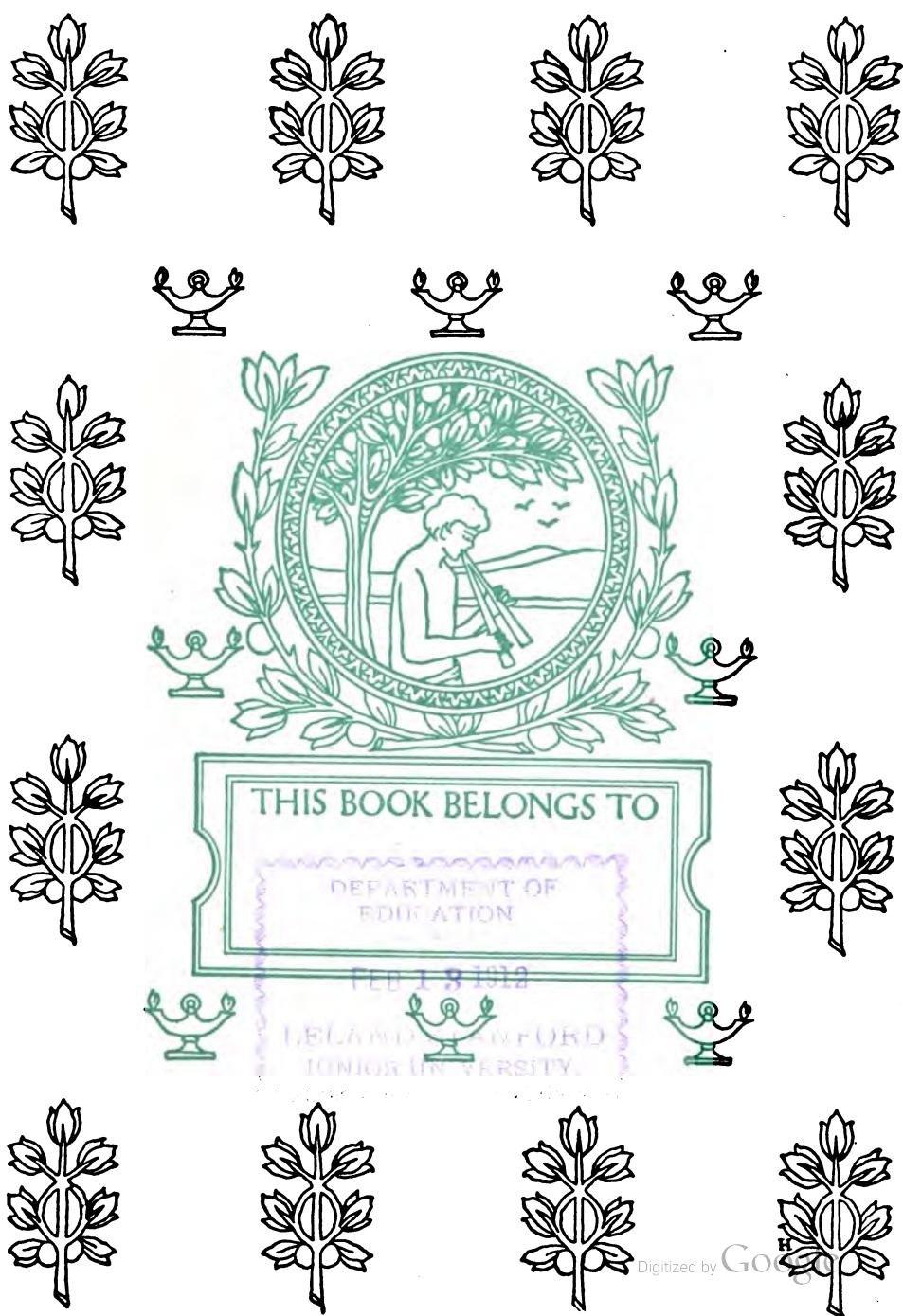


SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

TEXTBOOK
COLLECTION

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES





**THE RIVERSIDE
THIRD READER**



"**IF YOUR MAJESTY PLEASES,** SAID ELSA, '**I HAVE BROUGHT FIVE FRIENDS TO INTRODUCE ME.'**"

"The Forest Full of Friends," page 133.

THE RIVERSIDE READERS

THIRD READER

BY

JAMES H. VAN SICKLE

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

AND

WILHELMINA SEEGMILLER

DIRECTOR OF ART, INDIANAPOLIS PUBLIC SCHOOLS

FORMERLY PRINCIPAL OF THE WEALTHY AVE.

SCHOOL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

ASSISTED BY

FRANCES JENKINS

SUPERVISOR OF ELEMENTARY GRADES

DECATUR, ILL.

ILLUSTRATED BY

RUTH MARY HALLOCK

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

588358
C

COPYRIGHT, 1911, HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

In using copyrighted material, the editors acknowledge their indebtedness to The Century Company and the author for "The Elf and the Dormouse" and "The Snail's Dream" by Oliver Herford; to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for "Where Go the Boats?", "The Land of Story Books," and "Summer Sun" from "A Child's Garden of Verses" by Robert Louis Stevenson, and for "Dutch Lullaby" from "With Trumpet and Drum" by Eugene Field (copyright, 1892, by Mary French Field); to Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company for "The Child's World" by William Brighty Rands, and to Messrs. John Murray of London and Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company for the Japanese "Snail Song" from "Master Singers of Japan" by Clara A. Walsh; to The Bobbs-Merrill Company and the author for "The Forest Full of Friends" and "The Knights of the Silver Shield" from "Why the Chimes Rang" by Raymond MacDonald Alden (copyright, 1906), and for "A Song of Our Flag" from "The Trail to Boyland" by Wilbur D. Nesbit (copyright, 1904), used by special permission of the Publishers; to Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company for "Fern Song" by John B. Tabb; to Messrs. Ginn and Company for "The Wonderful Ball" from "Seven Little Sisters" by Jane Andrews; to Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company for "Seed Friends" by E. Nesbit; and to Frances Weld Danielson for "The Animal Picnic."



CONTENTS

CHILDREN'S PREFACE	9
THE FAIRY BOOK	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> 11
THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES . .	<i>Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm</i> 13
THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 19
THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG	<i>Augusta Stevenson</i> 21
PRECOCIOUS PIGGY	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 26
MRS. PARTRIDGE'S ERRAND	<i>A Greek Folk Tale</i> 28
OUR WREN HOUSE	33
DEWDROPS	<i>Mary F. Butts</i> 37
OUR MOTHER	<i>Anonymous</i> 37
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST	38
THE WONDERFUL BALL	<i>Jane Andrews</i> 44
THE CHILD'S WORLD	<i>William Brighty Rands</i> 46
CITY ROOFS	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> 48
THE FARMER AND THE HILL-MAN . .	<i>A Scandinavian Folk Tale</i> 50
TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> 53
PEASANT TRUTH	<i>Based on Verses by John G. Saxe</i> 55
CLOUDS	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> 59
A THANKSGIVING PSALM	<i>Psalm C</i> 61
THE ENDLESS TALE	<i>Augusta Stevenson</i> 62
HOST FAIRIES	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> 66
THE FIR TREE	<i>Nora Archibald Smith</i> 68
A REAL SANTA CLAUS	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> 74
THE TWELVE MONTHS <i>A Slav Tale</i> . .	<i>Alexander Chodsko</i> 76
CHANTICLEER	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 81

CONTENTS

THE PRINCESS BEAUTIFUL	83
THE FOX IN THE WELL	<i>Aesop</i> 89
A LESSON IN POLITENESS	90
LET ME DO IT NOW	<i>Anonymous</i> 91
WHERE GO THE BOATS?	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 92
LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS	<i>Ella Lyman Cabot</i> 93
PRAYING AND LOVING	<i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> 94
THE LOST PURSE	95
A STORY OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD	99
A SONG OF OUR FLAG	<i>Wilbur D. Nesbit</i> 104
HANS, WHO MADE THE PRINCESS LAUGH <i>A Norwegian Tale.</i>	
	<i>Peter Christen Asbjörnsen</i> 105
UNCLE RAIN AND BROTHER DROUTH . . .	<i>Joel Chandler Harris</i> 113
FERN SONG	<i>John B. Tabb</i> 123
MY LADY WIND	<i>Anonymous</i> 124
HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> 126
THE FOREST FULL OF FRIENDS . . .	<i>Raymond MacDonald Alden</i> 127
FRIENDS	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> 135
BROTHER RABBIT'S STORY	<i>Joel Chandler Harris</i> 136
SIR ROBIN	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 142
THE SLEEPING PRINCESS	<i>Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm</i> 144
SEED FRIENDS	<i>E. Nesbit</i> 156
THE STONE CUTTER	<i>A Japanese Fairy Tale</i> 157
THE SNAIL	<i>Anonymous</i> 162
THE SNAIL'S DREAM	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 163
A JAPANESE SONG	<i>Tr. by Clara A. Walsh</i> 163
THE BURNING OF THE RICE FIELDS	<i>Lafcadio Hearn</i> 164
"THE LORD IS A GREAT GOD"	<i>Psalm XCV</i> 170
HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 171
THE CORN STORY	<i>W. J. Hopkins</i> 176
SUMMER SUN	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 186

CONTENTS

7

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	187
WAS IT THE FIRST TURTLE? <i>An Indian Legend.</i>	<i>Florence Holbrook</i>	189
THE SANDMAN	<i>Margaret Vandegrift</i>	193
KING SOLOMON'S ANSWER	<i>The Talmud</i>	195
ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL	<i>Mrs. C. F. Alexander</i>	197
THE CRAB AND THE MOON	<i>A Philippine Folk Tale</i>	199
THE SEA		204
DUTCH LULLABY	<i>Eugene Field</i>	205
THE SUNKEN CITY	<i>A Dutch Legend</i>	208
THE QUEST	<i>Eudora S. Bumstead</i>	218
THE ANIMAL PICNIC	<i>Frances Weld Danielson</i>	220
THE RIVULET	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	229
THE CROW	<i>John Burroughs</i>	230
THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD <i>Raymond MacDonald Alden</i>		234
VACATION SONG	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	245
COMPLETE VOCABULARY		247
SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS		253



TO THE GIRLS AND BOYS

A JAPANESE friend of ours says that, when he was a little boy in Japan, some one sent him an American school reader. He took the greatest delight in the pictures and looked by the hour at what to him seemed very queer things. He made up his mind that when he grew up he would go to that strange, far-away land of America ; then he would see for himself if there were boys and girls who wore such curious clothes, and he would find out — he really would — if Americans read books from left to right instead of up and down, and drank their tea sitting in chairs instead of on the floor.

It amused us to know that the little Japanese boy thought Americans so queer ; but then, of course, our ways are just as strange to children of other lands as their ways are to us.

The little Esquimo, whose home is made of the sparkling snow that is so plentiful in his land, can

hardly imagine how it would seem to live in a house of wood or stone. The little child in the African desert, who lives in a tent and travels in a caravan of camels, would open his eyes very wide if he should walk down the street in one of our large cities, or take a ride in one of our trolley cars. The Dutch children wonder why we do not wear wooden shoes ; and the little Swiss boy, herding the goats on the mountain-side, would think it strange if there were no goats to drive to the milking.

But children all over the great, wide world have many things in common. The same sun says "Good morning" to all. True, he shines only a few hours for some and six months at a time for others ; but he is the very same sun. And the same twinkling stars are over all, and the same gold-prowed boat of the Lady Moon.

And there are mothers the wide world over to sing lullaby songs at night, and fathers to tell stories of their own and other lands.

In this book we shall learn about some of the things that this "beautiful, wonderful World" can show, and we shall read some of the best of the stories that are told to children everywhere.

THE EDITORS.

THE RIVERSIDE THIRD READER



THE FAIRY BOOK

When Mother takes the Fairy Book
And we curl up to hear,
'T is "All aboard for Fairyland!"
Which seems to be so near.

For soon we reach the pleasant place
 Of Once Upon a Time,
Where birdies sing the hour o' day,
 And flowers talk in rhyme ;

Where Bobby is a velvet Prince,
 And where I am a Queen ;
Where one can talk with animals,
 And walk about unseen ;

Where Little People live in nuts,
 And ride on butterflies,
And wonders kindly come to pass
 Before your very eyes ;

Where candy grows on every bush,
 And playthings on the trees,
And visitors pick basketfuls
 As often as they please.

It is the nicest time of day —
 Though Bedtime is so near, —
When Mother takes the Fairy Book
 And we curl up to hear.

ABIE FARWELL BROWN.

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

Rap-a-tap-tap ! Rap-a-tap-tap ! Rap-a-tap-tap ! The shoemaker hammered the last nail in the little girl's shoes ; and the little girl took the shoes under her arm and went home. Then the shoemaker turned to his wife.

"Wife," he said, "I work every day from early dawn till candle-light, and yet we are very poor. We have now only one piece of leather. It will make one pair of shoes. I will cut out a pair. In the morning I will make them. Some one may buy them."

The shoemaker cut out the leather for the shoes and left it on his bench. Early in the morning he went to the bench to begin work. But lo ! the shoes were made ! He could not believe his eyes. He looked and looked for some time. Then he called, —

"Wife, wife, come and see ! "

The shoemaker's wife came running. Then she, too, looked. And while they were still looking, a man came in and bought the shoes.

Then the shoemaker bought leather enough to make two pairs of shoes. He cut out the two pairs of shoes and left the work ready to stitch in the morning.

In the morning he found two pairs of shoes ready made. He sold the two pairs and bought leather enough for four pairs. At night he left the leather cut out on the bench, as before ; and in the morning there lay four pairs of shoes.

Every night, for a long time, the shoemaker cut out leather for four pairs of shoes ; and every morning he found four pairs of shoes ready for him to sell.

The shoemaker and his wife were very happy. One day they were so happy that they could hardly help dancing about. They might have danced, had not a man come in just then to have his seven children fitted with shoes.

The seven children sat in a row and held out their feet. And after the father had bought seven pairs of shoes, the shoemaker thought himself very rich indeed. He piled his money on his work-bench, and he and his wife sat down to look at it.

"I wish," said the wife, "that we could find out who help us. It must be good fairies."

"Oh, I know what to do," said the shoemaker. "Do you bring me your blue and white quilt. I will hang it up; and to-night we will hide behind it and find out who our friends are."

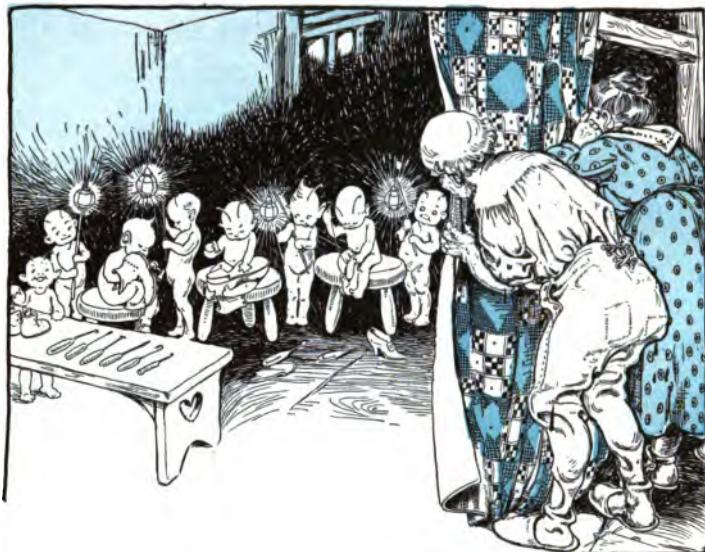
At nine o'clock the shoemaker and his wife blew out the candles and hid behind the quilt. They waited and waited. Nothing happened. Still they waited and waited and waited. But still nothing happened.

At last the town clock in the steeple struck — One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve!

As the last sound died away, they heard a noise — tap-tap! tap-tap! tap-a-tap-tap! They had heard no one come in, but surely some one was at work.

Quickly the shoemaker peeped from one side of the quilt. Quickly his wife peeped from the other side.

Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! Tap-tap! Tap-a-tap-tap! There sat four little elves at the bench,



busy and happy as could be, while four other little elves stood with lanterns to light the work.

Stitch! Stitch! Tap-a-tap-tap! Stitch! Tap! — At last the work was done.

The first little elf had made a pair of baby shoes. He set them back on the bench and looked at them. Then he laughed to himself, and hugged himself, and rocked back and forth.

The second little elf had made a pair of lady's slippers. He set them back on the bench and looked at them. Then he laughed to himself, and hugged himself, and rocked back and forth.

The other two little elves had been working on a very, very large pair of shoes. Each had been making one shoe. They set their shoes together. Then they laughed. And then they hugged each other, and rocked back and forth.

They all laughed and laughed and laughed, but not a sound did they make. I suppose they thought that the shoemaker and his wife were sleeping in the next room.

Then the four little elves with the lanterns stood in a row, and the four little elf shoemakers joined them ; and out they all crept softly, two by two.

When they were gone, the shoemaker and his wife came out and lighted a candle.

“The dear little things !” said the shoemaker’s wife.

“The dear little things !” said the shoemaker.

“The dear little things ! The dear little things !” they kept saying over and over.

“What can we do to show them we are pleased ?” asked the shoemaker.

“Oh, I know !” said the wife. “Do you

18 THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

make eight pairs of wee shoes. I will make eight wee coats."

For some days the shoemaker and his wife were busy. At last the eight pairs of little shoes and the eight little coats were done.

That night, in place of the leather cut out for shoes, the shoemaker and his wife left on the bench the little shoes and the little coats. Then they hid behind the quilt. When the town clock began to sound twelve, they looked out just in time to see eight little elves come in.

When the elves reached the table, they looked at the little coats and the little shoes. Then they looked at one another. Then they all laughed happily. The shoemaker elves laid down their hammers. The other elves set down their lanterns. And eight little elves began to pull on little coats and little shoes.

Then the eight little elves joined hands and danced in a ring. They danced up and down and around and around. Every once in a while they stopped to hug one another. Then they danced again.

At last four little elves got their hammers, four little elves got their lanterns, and eight little elves hippity-hopped away.

The elves never came back ; but the shoemaker always had shoes, and people were always coming to buy them. Indeed, the shoemaker was kept very busy ; but every once in a while he would stop work and, laying down his hammer, would say, —

“ The dear little things ! ” and his wife would answer softly, —

“ Yes, the dear little things ! ”

No one knew what they were talking about ; but people said, —

“ The shoemaker and his wife are very happy. They know something they will not tell.”

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM. *Adapted.*

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain, .
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
Lest he get wet.



To the next shelter —
Maybe a mile ! —
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool
Toppled in two.
Holding it over him,
Gayly he flew.



Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse —
“ Good gracious me !

Where is my toadstool?"
Loud he lamented.
And that's how umbrellas
First were invented.

OLIVER HERFORD.

THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

PLACE: The farmer's cabbage field.
TIME: One fine morning.

THE HARE
MR. HEDGEHOG MRS. HEDGEHOG

[MR. and MRS. HEDGEHOG are walking in the field.]

HEDGEHOG. These cabbages are growing well.

MRS. HEDGEHOG. They are very fine indeed.

HEDGEHOG. We can feed on them all summer.

MRS. HEDGEHOG. Yes, if the hares will let us.

HEDGEHOG. Oh, there is enough for us all — hares, hedgehogs, and farmer.

MRS. HEDGEHOG. Yes, if the hares will think that, too.

HEDGEHOG. Well, we will let them alone, as we have always done.

MRS. HEDGEHOG. But they will not let us alone. Yesterday they called at me while I was eating here.

HEDGEHOG. What did they say to you ?

MRS. HEDGEHOG. Oh, such things as "Short legs," and "Duck legs."

HEDGEHOG. Here comes one of them now !

MRS. HEDGEHOG. He is one of those who called at me. I 'll hide till he goes by.

[*She hides among the cabbages. The HARE enters.*]



HEDGEHOG. Good morning, sir.

HARE. Why do you speak to me ?

HEDGEHOG. I always speak to neighbors, sir.

HARE. Speak to your own kind, then. I think myself too good for hedgehogs.

HEDGEHOG. Now that is strange.

HARE. There is nothing strange about it.
Look at your silly little legs !

HEDGEHOG. They are quite as good as yours,
sir.

HARE. As good as mine ! Hear him ! You
can only walk with those legs, sir.

HEDGEHOG. I'll run a race with you this day.

HARE. Hear him ! Hear him ! Ha, ha, ha !

HEDGEHOG. You may run in that furrow, I
will run in this. We will see who gets to the
fence first.

HARE. Are you crazy ?

HEDGEHOG. Come, come, let's begin the race !

HARE. Ha, ha ! Well, I'll run with you. You
ought to know just how silly your little duck
legs are.

HEDGEHOG. Let's go to this end of the fur-
row to begin.

HARE. I will run to the brook and back
while you are getting there.

HEDGEHOG. As you please.

(*The Hare runs off.*)

Wife, wife, did you hear ?

MRS. HEDGEHOG. I heard. Are you crazy ?

HEDGEHOG. Go to the other end of this furrow, wife.

MRS. HEDGEHOG. And why should I do that?

HEDGEHOG. The Hare will run in the next furrow. When he comes to your end, put up your head and say, "I am already here."

MRS. HEDGEHOG. Ha, ha, ha ! He will think that I am you.

HEDGEHOG. Exactly.

MRS. HEDGEHOG. Ha, ha, ha ! I go, Mr. Hedgehog, I go ! You may be short on legs, my dear, but you are long on brains.

[*She runs to the other end of the furrow. Mr. Hedgehog goes to his end. The Hare comes back to the field.*]

HARE. Well, are you ready ?

HEDGEHOG. I am ready.

HARE. One, two, three — Go !

[*The Hare runs swiftly. The Hedgehog sits low in the furrow. The Hare reaches the other end of his furrow. Mrs. Hedgehog puts up her head.*]

MRS. HEDGEHOG. I am already here.

HARE. What is this !

MRS. HEDGEHOG. I am already here.

HARE. We will try again. Are you ready?

MRS. HEDGEHOG. I am ready.

HARE. One, two, three — Go !



[*The Hare runs swiftly back again. Mrs. Hedgehog sits low in her furrow. The Hare reaches the other end of his furrow. Mr. Hedgehog puts up his head.*]

HEDGEHOG. I am already here.

HARE. I cannot understand this.

HEDGEHOG. I am already here.

HARE. We will try again ! Are you ready ?

HEDGEHOG. I am ready.

HARE. One, two, three — Go !

[*The Hare runs swiftly back again. The Hedgehog sits low. The Hare reaches the other end of his furrow. Mrs. Hedgehog puts up her head.*]

MRS. HEDGEHOG. I am already here.

HARE. I cannot believe it.

MRS. HEDGEHOG. I am already here.

HARE. We will try again ! Do you hear ?
We will try again.

MRS. HEDGEHOG. I am ready.

HARE. One, two, three — Go !

[*The Hare runs swiftly back again. Mrs. Hedgehog sits low. The Hare reaches the other end of his furrow. Mr. Hedgehog puts up his head.*]

HEDGEHOG. I am already here.

HARE. This is very, very strange !

HEDGEHOG. Shall we run again ?

HARE. No, no ! The race is yours, Neighbor Hedgehog. And will you please to call some day ? I should be glad to see you.

HEDGEHOG. I shall be glad to come.

[*The Hare goes off wondering.*]

MRS. HEDGEHOG (*running to meet Mr. Hedgehog*). You may be short on legs, my dear, but you are very, very long on brains.

AUGUSTA STEVENSON. *Adapted.*

PRECOCIOUS PIGGY

Where are you going to, you little pig ?
“ I ’m leaving my mother, I ’m growing so big ! ”

So big, young pig !

So young, so big !

What, leaving your mother, you foolish young
pig ?

Where are you going to, you little pig ?

“ I ‘ve got a new spade, and I ‘m going to dig ! ”

To dig, little pig !

A little pig dig !

Well, I never saw a pig with a spade that could
dig !

Where are you going to, you little pig ?

“ Why, I am going to have a nice ride in a
gig ! ”

In a gig, little pig !

What, a pig in a gig !

Well, I never saw a pig ride in a gig !

Where are you going to, you little pig ?

“ I ‘m going to the barber’s to buy me a wig ! ”

A wig, little pig !

A pig in a wig !

Why, whoever before saw a pig in a wig ?

Where are you going to, you little pig?

"Why, I'm going to the ball to dance a fine
jig!"

A jig, little pig!

A pig dance a jig!

Well, I never before saw a pig dance a jig!

Where are you going to, you little pig?

"I'm going to the fair to run a fine rig!"

A rig, little pig!

A pig run a rig!

Well, I never before saw a pig run a rig.

THOMAS HOOD.

MRS. PARTRIDGE'S ERRAND

I

Long, long ago, birds and beasts used to send their children to school. All the morning the children learned their lessons. At noon they ate their luncheons, just as children should.

One day the three little Partridges left their luncheons at home. There they were—the best fat worms you ever saw, three times as many



as one little Partridge could eat—packed together in a little pail. Mrs. Partridge found the pail just as the clock struck noon.

Now, it happened to be a very busy day for Mrs. Partridge. She was house-cleaning, and you know how busy mothers are then.

"Dear me," she said, "it is noon, and here is the children's pail! I was thinking how pretty they were, as they started out this morning; I quite forgot the luncheons." (Mrs. Partridge did n't say that the little Partridges might have been bright enough to remember their lunch-

eons themselves — oh, no! Mrs. Partridge would never even have thought such a thing!) “What shall I do?” she went on. “If only I could see some one going that way!”

She ran to the door. She looked this way and that; and just then Mrs. Tortoise came plodding along the road. Mrs. Tortoise was carrying a basket on her broad shell back.

“Neighbor Tortoise,” cried Mrs. Partridge, flapping a wing at her, “stop a minute! Are you going anywhere near the school?”

“I’m going *to* the school,” snapped Mrs. Tortoise. “My three little Tortoises forgot their luncheons.”

“Well, that is strange,” said Mrs. Partridge, “for here I have three little luncheons that I want to send. Will you take them for me? I am so very busy to-day, so busy that—”

“Then don’t stop to talk!” snapped Mrs. Tortoise, who had no liking for chatter. “Give me the luncheons, and tell me the errand.”

“Oh, you are very kind,” said Mrs. Partridge, and she brought out the little pail. “Here are the luncheons — some nice, fat, wiggly worms.”

"What shall I do with them?" said Mrs. Tortoise. "Come, come, I'm hurried, myself."

"Do with them! Do with them!" cried Mrs. Partridge. "Why, give them to the three prettiest children in the school."



Mrs. Tortoise was moving on, down the street; but she could still hear Mrs. Partridge calling,— "The three prettiest children! You can't make a mistake!"

II

When Mrs. Tortoise reached the school, all the children were busy eating—all but the three little Tortoises and the three little Partridges, who were very hungry indeed.

Mrs. Tortoise moved slowly up and down.

"H'm," she said to herself, "hungry children are none of them very pretty, snapping their teeth and licking their paws! And how ugly those little Partridges are, standing so stupidly over there, with their mouths wide open!" Just then Mrs. Tortoise spied the three little Tortoises.

"Well," said Mrs. Tortoise, "so here you are! Here is your luncheon. Don't forget it again."

"Bless the babies!" she said to herself, as she watched them thrust their necks down into the basket, while all their little legs waved and wriggled in the air. "How pretty they are! They're the prettiest children in the school!"

No sooner had Mrs. Tortoise said this than she remembered the fat, wiggly worms.

"Children, look here!" she called to them. "See what else Mother has brought you—a present from a neighbor of ours to the prettiest children in the school!"

But, would you believe it, always, after that, Mrs. Partridge was very angry with Mrs. Tortoise; and Mrs. Tortoise could never tell why.

A Greek Folk Tale.

OUR WREN HOUSE

I

I must tell you about our wren house.

The house was mostly Brother's, but I helped make it. Brother said, "Let's make a wren house." So he brought the boards, the hammer, the saw, and the nails.

We cut six pieces of board. It took four pieces to make the sides. One made a sloping roof. The sixth made the floor of the house and a platform for the wrens to stand on.

"We must have a tiny door just the size of a quarter," said Brother.

"Why not have a larger door?" I asked.

"This is not to be a house for sparrows," said Brother. "If the door were larger, the sparrows would go in and drive out the wrens. The sparrows are all right under the eaves."

So we laid a silver quarter down where the door should be, and traced around it. We cut the little door large enough for wrens, but not large enough for sparrows.

We printed WRENS under the door. We

thought it best to have the sparrows know that the house was for rent to wrens only.

When the house was ready, we put it up in a tree. Then Brother planted morning glories all about the tree.

"The wrens will like to have the flowers climb up to say Good-morning every day," he said.

Then Brother brought a dish to hold water. Every day he filled the dish with fresh water.

"Wrens choose kind neighbors," he said.

When all was ready, we waited. Every morning we went out to see if Mr. and Mrs. Wren had come.

II

One morning Brother came running in.

"Oh, come see!" he cried. "Come see!"

And what do you think had happened? Two squirrels had decided to live in the Wren House. As the door was much too small for squirrels, the squirrels had made it larger.

There was Mr. Squirrel sitting, saucy as you please, on top of the house. Mrs. Squirrel was



busy inside the house. Her bushy tail was waving at the door.

"Let's sit down and think," I said to Brother. So we sat on the doorstep. By and by I said,—

"Well, Brother, what do you think?"

"I think that squirrels don't know how to spell," said Brother.

"And what shall we do?" I asked.

"I think it as nice to make a home for a squirrel family as for a wren family," said Brother.

"So do I," I said.

III

The squirrels grew very friendly. Every time they found our house door open, in they would run. They would play tag and hide-and-seek from room to room. They would look in our pockets for nuts, and would eat from our hands.

One day I heard Brother giving Mr. Squirrel a spelling lesson.

“What does w-r-e-n spell?” said Brother.

“Ch-i-r-r-r!” said the squirrel.

“No, it does n’t,” said Brother; “think again.
What does w-r-e-n spell?”

“Chir-r-r-r!” said the squirrel.

“No, it does n’t; but I ’ll give you another word,” said Brother. “What does c-h-i-r spell?”

“Ch-i-r-r !” said the squirrel. “Ch-i-r-r !
Ch-i-r-r !”

“Right!” said Brother. “You have known half the words I have given you. That is pretty good for a squirrel. So here is a nice nut for you.”

DEWDROPS

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
“A jewel, if you please!”
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

MARY F. BUTTS.

OUR MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather,

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,—
But only one mother the wide world over.

ANONYMOUS.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

I

Once upon a time there was a very rich merchant. His great ships brought him treasures from many lands.

The merchant had three daughters. They were all lovely, but the youngest was the most beautiful. Everyone called her Beauty. And Beauty was as good and kind as she was beautiful.

Now it happened that there was a great storm at sea; and it was reported to the merchant that he had lost all his ships. That being so, he had nothing left but a cottage in the country.

“We must go live in the cottage,” he said.
“We must earn our living by hard work.”

The two elder sisters were very unhappy. They went to live in the cottage because there was no other place for them. But they would not work—no, indeed! They did nothing but talk about the fine things they used to have.

Beauty was sorry for her father. Every day

she rose at dawn. She lighted the fires, swept the house, and cooked the breakfast. She was often tired. But she tried not to show it. She went singing about her work all the day.

A year passed by. Then the merchant heard that one of his ships had come in. This made him glad indeed ; and he started at once for the city.

. The two elder daughters begged their father to bring them fine dresses and jewels.

“ What shall I bring you, Beauty ? ” asked her father.

“ Please bring me a rose, father,” said Beauty.
“ There are no roses growing in our garden.”

In good time the merchant reached the harbor. But other merchants had stolen his cargo ; and he turned home, no richer than before.

II

As the merchant rode homeward, a storm arose. His horse could not keep the road ; and at last he was lost in the forest.

The wind whistled through the trees. The air grew cold. Dark night set in. Never,

thought the merchant, should he see his home again.

Just then, through the trees, he spied the glimmer of lights not far away. He rode toward them. The lights shone from the windows of a wonderful palace.

The door of the palace stood open, and the merchant went in. He saw no one. But there was a cheerful fire, and on the table was a good supper. The merchant waited a little. Then he sat down and ate.

Again he waited. No one came. He found a bedroom and decided to rest until morning.

By morning the storm had passed. To his surprise the merchant found a good breakfast ready laid for him. He could see no one to thank, so he said aloud, —

“I surely thank you, my good fairy, for your kindness.”

As he left the palace, he noticed some large red roses in the garden ; and he thought of Beauty. He was picking a handful of the flowers when he heard a noise. Turning, he saw a great beast coming toward him.

“Ungrateful man ! ” said the Beast, “ I saved your life. I let you come into my palace. I have given you food. Now you steal my roses. You shall die for this.”

The merchant begged for mercy. At last the Beast said, —

“ You may go, but you must return in three months. Then you must die unless you bring me one of your daughters.”

“ I will come,” said the merchant.

III

The merchant went home. He called his daughters to him and told them all that had happened.

“ These roses cost me dear,” he said.

“ I will never let you die for this,” said Beauty. “ I will go to the Beast.”

The elder sisters said nothing; and Beauty turned to her work again.

“ There is much to be done about the house,” she thought, “ if I am going away forever.”

At the end of three months, Beauty and her father started to the Beast’s palace. The Beast

received them well and gave them meat and drink. Then he said to the merchant, —



“ You may now go home. I will keep your daughter here.”

Beauty was afraid at first. But the Beast was very kind to her. She had everything she wanted, and for a time she was quite happy. Then she grew homesick — she longed to see her father.

“ Let me go home,” she said to the Beast, “ and I will come back again.”

“ You may go, if you will come back in a week,” said the Beast.

When Beauty reached home, her father was happy indeed. Beauty was so glad to see her father that she stayed two weeks. Then one day she thought of the beast.

“ He was so good to me,” she said ; “ I must hurry back.”

When Beauty reached the palace, she could not find the Beast. She went from room to room. At last she found him lying on the grass in the garden.

He was so still that Beauty thought he was dead. She threw her arms about him and wept.

In a moment the Beast was gone ; and there, in his place, was a prince — the handsomest prince one ever saw.

“ An old witch changed me into a beast,” said the prince, “ but your tears, kind heart, have changed me back again. You shall be my beautiful princess, and we will live together always in the palace.”



THE WONDERFUL BALL

Have you ever heard of the wonderful ball
that floats in the air, with soft white clouds
about it?

It is a big ball, far bigger than the biggest
football, and bigger than the big round globe
you see at school.

It is so large that trees can grow on it. It
is so large that cattle can graze on it, and wild
beasts roam over it — so large that millions
of men and women and children can live on it.

On the round surface of this ball, some parts are soft and green, with meadows where the grass grows high.

Some parts are covered with tall, thick forests. Some are steep and rough, with great hills that pierce the clouds.

Scattered over this great round ball, what is it that shines so blue? Here, this blue spot is a little pond, where the water lies smooth and still. Here, it is a wide, deep ocean, where the water dances and rolls.

Now, as the ball turns round, a little, and a little more, what is it that comes out of the dark and gleams in the light of the sun? It stretches wide as the ocean, and sparkles too; in some places, smooth as a pond; in others, rolling as ocean waves. But it is not water that sparkles so. It is dry sand and rock we see. It is a desert, where streams are few, and few plants grow.

Look again at the floating ball. Here is a part we have not seen. It is here that Jack Frost spends his long winter nights. See the palace of ice he has built for himself; how

cold and blue it looks—almost as blue as the air! All around, the snow is piled, drift upon drift; and over the ball the low clouds are dropping feathery flakes.

Now what do you think of my ball, so soft and green, so steep and rough, so quiet and blue, so sparkling and dry, so white and cold, as it floats along in the sunlight in its wrapping of fleecy cloud?

Do you know it? Have you seen it—this wonderful ball?

JANE ANDREWS. *Adapted.*



THE CHILD'S WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree—
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

Ah ! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all ;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say,
“ You are more than the Earth if you are such
a dot ;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot.”

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

CITY ROOFS

Upon the roofs and chimney-pots
 The silver Moon looks down,
As she goes sailing through the sky
 Above the sleeping town.

It is a funny world she sees,
 Spread out so flat and still ;
I think she does not even know
 I live upon a Hill !

Hollow and hill alike to her
 Seem level as a park ;
She only sees that fields are green,
 But city roofs are dark.

The chimney-pots are black with soot,
 The roofs are cold and bare,
And yet they hide such lovely things
 Beneath them, here and there !



My pretty room, my sleeping toys,—
If she could only see,
The Moon would know how very blest
A city roof may be !

ABBY FARWELL BROWN.

THE FARMER AND THE HILL-MAN

A farmer was one day ploughing a little hill that rose in the middle of his fields. The hill was stony, and the farmer had never troubled to plough it before.

"This is hard work," he thought; "but, after all, I may grow a good crop here to pay me for it."

Just then a voice below him called, —

"Ho, ho, there! What are you doing on the roof of my house?"

Now the farmer knew that every hill is the home of a hill-man; and a hill-man is a fussy little fellow, and likely enough to do one harm. So the farmer stopped his plough and turned around politely.

The hill-man was climbing up on a big stone. He was no taller than the farmer's boot; but there he stood, shaking his fist and looking as fierce as he could.

"How dare you plough on the roof of my house?" he asked again.



"Oh, is this your house ?" said the farmer.
"I have never seen you before."

"You have never troubled me before,"
snapped out the hill-man.

"No," said the farmer ; "this hill has been
lying idle a long time. It did not look good
enough for either you or me. But now, I'm
thinking, we might make a good thing of it—
you and I. You'd be willing, of course, if I
do all the work ?"

"How's that?" said the hill-man sharply; for the hill-men are greedy little fellows, and very rich.

"Suppose that I plough and sow and reap this hill every year," said the farmer. "Then we might take turns at the crop. The first year you could have what grew above ground, and I'd take what grew in the ground; and the next year I'd take what grew above ground, and you could have what grew under."

Well, that seemed good to the hill-man, and so it was agreed. The farmer chuckled to himself and went on ploughing, and planted the hill with carrots.

When autumn came, he had a fine crop.

"It is the hill-man's year for what grows above ground," said the farmer, as he cut off the carrot-tops for the hill-man. "Ha, ha, Mr. Hill-man! This is good! Next year I will plant corn."

The next year the farmer had a fine crop of corn.

"It is the hill-man's year for what grows under ground," said the farmer; and he laughed

aloud as he left the corn roots at the foot of the hill and carted the rest to his barn.

And so it went on, year after year. But, if the hill-man was not pleased with the bargain, I 've never heard say.

A Scandinavian Folk Tale.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

“ You think I am dead,”
The apple-tree said,
“ Because I have never a leaf to show —
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow !
But I ’m all alive in trunk and shoot ;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my root.”

“ You think I am dead,”
The quick grass said,
“ Because I have parted with stem and blade !

But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I 'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here —
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

" You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
" Because not a branch or root I own ?
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumpy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours ;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

EDITH M. THOMAS.



PEASANT TRUTH

Once, in the land of Sicily, there lived a peasant who was so upright in all his dealings that he came to be called Peasant Truth.

Now, the king of Sicily had some fine sheep and goats, of which he was very proud. When he heard of Peasant Truth, he said, —

“A man who would never tell a lie is the very man I want for the royal shepherd.” So the king sent for Peasant Truth and said, —

“I give you the care of the royal flocks. Take special care of one goat, one sheep, and one little lamb that I will show you.”

Peasant Truth, as you may believe, was very proud to care for the royal flocks. Every Saturday the king had him come to the palace to report upon the condition of the flocks. All went well till one of the courtiers grew jealous of Peasant Truth and plotted to do him harm.

“Does your Majesty think that he who is called Peasant Truth would never tell a lie ? ” asked the courtier of the king.

"I would risk my kingdom on his honesty," said the king.

"Then will I wager my place at court that he will lie to your Majesty next Saturday," said the courtier.

"And if he lie to me next Saturday, then will I raise your rank at court," said the king.

The jealous courtier then went home to talk things over with his wife.

"Leave it to me," said the wife. "It will be easy enough to make that peasant lie." So next day she dressed herself like a queen, in robes of silk, and in her hair placed a great diamond star. Then to the hills she went. She found Peasant Truth sitting under a tree.

"You are the shepherd of this flock?" she asked.

Peasant Truth jumped to his feet and bowed low before her.

"What may your Highness want of me?" he said.

"I wish a little lamb," said the lady. "Pray give me this yearling by your side."

"Alas!" answered the shepherd, "that I

cannot do. The little lamb belongs to the king."

"My longing for it is great," said the lady. "I have set my heart on it. I want it more than anything else in the world."

"But I cannot give you what belongs to the king," said the shepherd.

At this, the lady began to weep; and the shepherd felt so sorry for her that he said,—

"Take the little lamb."

Then the lady took the little lamb; and that night, at the court, the courtier and his wife made merry over a roast of royal lamb.

On the hills, the shepherd was very sad.

"What shall I say to the king on Saturday?" he thought. "I will tell his Majesty that the lamb is well. No, that will not do. I will say that a thief stole it. No, that will not do. I will say that a wolf came and carried it away. No, I cannot say that. Oh, how can I look the king in the face and tell a lie?"

On Saturday the king, as was his custom, sent for Peasant Truth.

"How is my goat?" asked the king.

"The goat is very well, your Majesty," answered Peasant Truth.

"And how is my sheep?"

"Good Sire, the sheep is well. It frisks and eats."

"And how is my little lamb?"



"O Sire," said Peasant Truth, "a fair lady with a blazing star in her hair begged me for the little lamb. And, forgetting my plain duty to my king, I gave it to her. I have, O Sire, done grievous wrong!"

Peasant Truth looked to see an angry king,
but the king only smiled.

“ My wager’s won ! ” he said. “ I forgive
my truthful peasant.” Then, turning to the
jealous courtier, the king said sternly, —

“ You have lost your place at court. I wish
near me only those who delight in the honor
of others.”

JOHN G. SAXE. *Adapted.*

CLOUDS

The sky is full of clouds to-day,
And idly, to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
Across the heavens go.
I hear the wind with merry noise
Around the housetops sweep,
And dream it is the shepherd boys,
They’re driving home their sheep.

The clouds move faster now ; and see !
The west is red and gold.

Each sheep seems hastening to be
The first within the fold.
I watch them hurry on until
The blue is clear and deep,
And dream that far beyond the hill
The shepherds fold their sheep.

Then in the sky the trembling stars
Like little flowers shine out,
While Night puts up the shadow bars,
And darkness falls about.
I hear the shepherd wind's good-night —
“Good-night, and happy sleep !” —
And dream that in the east, all white,
Slumber the clouds, the sheep.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



A THANKSGIVING PSALM

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

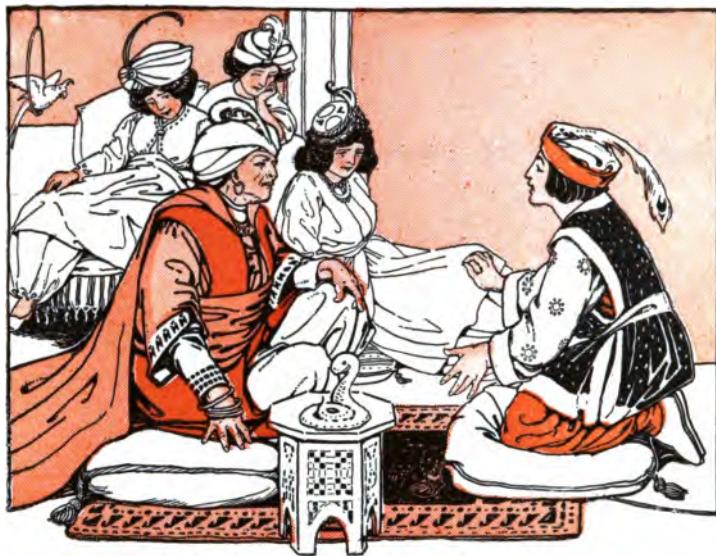
Serve the Lord with gladness :
Come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God :
It is he that hath made us, and we are his :
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise :
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good ; his mercy endureth for ever ;
And his faithfulness unto all generations.

Psalm C.



THE ENDLESS TALE

PLACE : The King's palace.

TIME : A long time ago.

KING

SECOND STORY-TELLER

PRINCESS

LORDS AND LADIES

FIRST STORY-TELLER

GUARDS

[*The KING sits on a cushion in the great hall. The PRINCESS sits on a cushion by him. In front of them sits the FIRST STORY-TELLER. The LORDS and LADIES sit near by.*]

STORY-TELLER. Then the prince married the princess, and they were happy forever and ever.

[*There is a pause.*]

KING. Go on !

(*The Story-Teller hangs his head.*)

Go on, I say !

STORY-TELLER. That is all, your Majesty.

KING. All !

STORY-TELLER. The prince married the princess. There is nothing more to tell.

KING. I cannot bear so short a story !

PRINCESS. Why, father, for three months we have listened to it !

KING. 'T is short, I say ! I bid you make it longer, sir !

STORY-TELLER. I cannot, Sire. The prince married the princess. There is nothing —

KING. Throw him out of the palace, guards ! Cut off his head !

[GUARDS seize the Story-Teller.]

PRINCESS. Father !

LORDS. Your Majesty !

LADIES. Sire !

PRINCESS. Spare his life !

STORY-TELLER. Let me keep my head, Sire !

KING. Why should you keep it ? You do not use it.

STORY-TELLER. For three months I have used it, Sire !

KING. Your story is too short, I say ! Away with him, guards ! Away !

(*Guards take out the First Story-Teller.*)
Bid another Story-Teller come !

(*A Guard admits the SECOND STORY-TELLER, who bows before the King and the Princess.*)

Sir, hear me. You must tell a story that will last forever.

SECOND STORY-TELLER. I hear, O King !

KING. If you can do this, you shall marry my daughter and be king after me.

SECOND STORY-TELLER. I hear, O King !

KING. If you fail, you shall lose your head. Begin ! And remember, the story must go on forever. Now again I say, begin !

SECOND STORY-TELLER. Once upon a time a certain king seized upon all the corn in his country. He had it stored in a strong granary. Then came a swarm of locusts over the land.

Soon they found a crack in the south side of the granary. Now the crack was just large enough for one locust to pass through at a time. So one locust went in and carried away a grain of corn. Then another locust went in and carried away a grain of corn. Then another locust went in and carried away a grain of corn. Then —

KING (*interrupting*). Yes, yes ! Now go on with the story.

SECOND STORY-TELLER. The story shall go on, O King ! Then another locust went in and carried away another grain of corn. Then another locust —

KING (*interrupting*). I tell you to go on with the story !

SECOND STORY-TELLER. I obey, great King. Then another locust went in and carried away another grain of corn. Then another —

KING. The story ! The story, I tell you !

SECOND STORY-TELLER. This is the story, O King ! Then another locust went in and carried away another grain of corn. Then —

KING. I cannot stand it ! How long will it

take the locusts to carry away all the grain ?

SECOND STORY-TELLER. One thousand years,
O King ! Then another locust went in and —

KING. Stop ! Stop ! Take my daughter ! Be
king after me ! Be king now ! Anything to stop
the locusts !

AUGUSTA STEVENSON.



GHOST FAIRIES

When the open fire is lit,
In the evening after tea,
Then I like to come and sit
Where the fire can talk to me.

Fairy stories it can tell,
Tales of a forgotten race, —
Of the fairy ghosts that dwell
In the ancient chimney place.

They are quite the strangest folk
Anybody ever knew,
Shapes of shadow and of smoke
Living in the chimney flue.

“Once,” the fire said, “long ago,
With the wind they used to rove,
Gipsy fairies, to and fro,
Camping in the field and grove.

Hither with the trees they came,
Hidden in the logs ; and here,
Hovering above the flame,
Often some of them appear.”

So I watch, and, sure enough,
I can see the fairies ! Then,
Suddenly there comes a puff —
Whish ! — and they are gone
again !

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



THE FIR TREE

I

Far away in a great, green, rustling wood, there lived a fir tree.

She was tall and dark and fragrant. Her branches were thick and strong and close set. Below them, on the ground, it was almost as dark as night.

There were many other trees in the forest, as tall and dark as she. They bent and bowed to each other, as the wind played in their branches.

It made a wonderfully sweet sound. It was like the great organ when it plays softly in the church.

All around her, the great fir tree had dropped her cones. A family of young firs was growing up. They were very tiny yet. They were so tiny that you might have crushed them as you walked.

The fir tree spread her thick branches over them. She kept off the fierce wind and the

bitter cold ; and under her shelter they were growing strong.

They were all fine little trees. But one of them, standing quite apart from the rest, was the finest of all. He was straight and well shaped and handsome.

Every day he looked up at the mother tree. He saw how straight and strong she grew. He saw that the wind bent and waved her branches, but did not stir her great trunk.

As he looked, he sent his own rootlets farther down into the dark earth. He held his tiny head up more proudly.

The other trees did not all try to grow strong and tall. Indeed, one of them said,—

“ Why should I try to grow ? I can never be so strong and fine as the mother tree.”

So he was unhappy and hung his head. He let the wind blow him farther and farther over, toward the ground. He did not care for his rootlets. So they lost their hold in the earth. And by and by he withered quite away.

But the brave little fir tree grew on. A long time went by. At last his head reached as high

as his mother's lowest branches, and he could hear the whispering of the great trees. He learned many things; for the trees were old and wise.

The fir tree asked his mother many questions.

"Dear mother tree," he said, "shall we always live here? Shall I keep on growing till I am a grand, tall tree like you? And will you always be with me?"

The mother tree rustled all her branches.

"Who knows!" she said. "We must be stout-hearted. We must grow strong in trunk, and perfect in shape. Then perhaps we shall be taken away from the forest and made useful somewhere. And we want to be useful, son."

II

About this time the young fir tree himself made some music. He used to whisper the music when the winds blew and rocked his branches. He whispered it into a little song. This is the little song: —

“ Root, grow thou longer,
Heart, be thou stronger ;
Let the sun bless me,
Softly caress me ;
Let raindrops patter,
Wind my leaves scatter ;
My root must grow longer,
My heart must be stronger.”

One day, when he was singing this song to himself, some birds fluttered near. They were pleased with the music. So they began to build their nests in his branches.

How proud the fir tree was ! He was happy that the birds should choose him to take care of them. He would not play now with the wind. He stood straight, that he might not shake the pretty, soft nest.

At last eggs were laid in the nest. Then all the little fir tree’s leaves trembled for joy.

The fir tree asked the birds how a fir tree could be useful.

The birds told him that a fir tree could make a mast for a ship with great white sails. They told him, too, about Christmas and Christmas

trees. The fir tree liked to hear how the children loved Christmas trees. He knew about children.

One day some happy children came to the woods. They made a ring and danced about the fir tree. Then one little girl said,—

“Hush! Hear the song he is singing!”

The little fir tree finished his song, and then again he sighed,—

“If only I might be a Christmas tree!”

He did all that a little tree could do to grow; and each day he sang his song:—

“Root, grow thou longer,
Heart, be thou stronger.”

III

Soon the days began to grow cold. The birds flew to the South. Then the snow fell.

One day the fir tree heard something far away. It sounded like the ringing of Christmas bells. Soon some children came laughing and singing.

“Here is my fir tree,” said a little girl. “It is my own singing tree.”



The tree was cut down and carried away.
And all the little trees stood on tip-toe and
waved their branches, Good-bye.

The stout young fir tree stood in the children's own room. Round his feet were flowers and mosses. From his branches hung toys and books and candies. At the end of each twig was a bright candle.

The children made a ring. They danced about him, singing. And the fir tree was very happy.

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH. *Adapted.*

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus, I hang for you,
By the mantle, stockings two :
One for me and one to go
To another boy I know.

There 's a chimney in the town
You have never traveled down.
Should you chance to enter there,
You would find a room all bare :
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matters not how you might try ;
And the shoes, you 'd find are such
As no boy would care for much.
In a broken bed you 'd see
Some one just about like me,
Dreaming of the pretty toys
Which you bring to other boys,
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams.
All he dreams then, Santa Claus,



Stuff the stocking with, because
When it's filled up to the brim
I'll be Santa Claus to him!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE TWELVE MONTHS

I

Once there were two sisters, Dabrunka and Katrenka.

Dabrunka was a sweet little child, but Katrenka was cross. Dabrunka worked all day long, but Katrenka did nothing but play. She was always wanting something, and always wanting Dabrunka to get it for her. One day in the winter Katrenka said,—

“Dabrunka, I want some violets. Do you go up into the hills and get them for me.”

“But, Katrenka,” said Dabrunka, “violets do not grow in winter. It is January; and see, the snow is deep !”

“I must have some violets,” said Katrenka, “and you must go find them for me.”

So little Dabrunka set out for the hills. After walking a long time, she saw a bright light. She found that it came from a blazing fire. Around the fire were twelve large stones. And on the stones sat twelve men.

Three of the men were robed in green, three in yellow, three in brown, and three in white. They were the twelve months. Three were



spring ; three were summer ; three were autumn ; and three were winter. January held a staff in his hand, for it was his time to be king of the months.

At first Dabrunka was afraid ; but by and by she crept up and whispered to January,—

“ May I come to your fire ? ”

January turned around.

“What brings you, child?” he asked.

“Oh, I came,” said Dabrunka, “to find violets for my sister.”

“This is not the month of violets,” said January, “but March can help you.”

Then January put his staff into the hands of March. March waved the staff over the fire. The fire blazed more brightly than before. The snow began to melt. Buds grew on the trees. A bird song was heard. And Dabrunka gathered sweet purple violets and their beautiful green leaves.

Little Dabrunka bowed low before the months and thanked them. Then she went home, very happy, to Katrenka.

Katrenka took the violets and was happy for two whole days.

II

The third day after Dabrunka had brought the violets, Katrenka said, —

“I want some strawberries. Do you go into the hills, Dabrunka, and find me some.”

"Strawberries do not grow in January, Katrenka," said Dabrunka.

"You found violets in January; and I am sure you can find strawberries, too," answered Katrenka.

So little Dabrunka took her basket and set off to the hills again. She found the twelve months still sitting around the fire. And January still held the staff in his hand.

"What brings you, child?" he asked.

"Oh, I came," said Dabrunka, "to find strawberries for my sister."

"This is not the month of strawberries," said January; "but June can help you."

Then January put his staff into the hands of June. The yellow-robed June waved the staff over the fire. The red flames blazed, the snow melted. Green leaves grew on the trees. Flowers nodded, and birds sang. And Dabrunka filled her basket with strawberries from out the grass at her feet.

Then Dabrunka bowed to the months; and home she went with the strawberries, to Katrenka.

III

Not long after, Katrenka said that she could not be happy without red apples. So up into the hills went Dabrunka again.

This time January gave his staff to September. The brown-robed September waved the staff over the fire. The fire blazed, and the snow melted. Leaves of red and gold went drifting from the trees. On an apple tree grew beautiful red apples.

"You may pick two," said September.

Dabrunka picked two fine large apples. Then she thanked the months for helping her, and ran home.

"Why did you not bring more than two apples?" asked Katrenka.

"I could not," said Dabrunka.

"I will go to the hills and find the tree myself," said Katrenka; "then I can have as many apples as I want."

IV

Off Katrenka went to the hills. She walked a long time. Then she came to the fire where

the months were sitting. She walked straight up to the fire without asking if she might.

"What brings you, child?" asked January.

"I shall not tell you," said Katrelnka, boldly.

January frowned and waved his staff over the fire. The flames died down. Clouds gathered. Snow fell. And the north wind blew through the icy woods.

Down in the valley Dabrunka waited and watched. Spring came, and summer came, but no Katrelnka. Was she still hunting for red apples?

Only the months high up in the hills knew why Katrelnka did not come home.

A Slav Tale

ALEXANDER CHODSKO. *Adapted.*

CHANTICLEER

I wake ! I feel the day is near ;

I hear the red cock crowing !

He cries " 'T is dawn !" How sweet and clear
His cheerful call comes to my ear,

While light is slowly growing.

The white snow gathers flake on flake ;
I hear the red cock crowing !
Is anybody else awake
To see the winter morning break,
While thick and fast 't is snowing ?

I think the world is all asleep ;
I hear the red cock crowing !
Out of the frosty pane I peep ;
The drifts are piled so wide and deep,
And wild the wind is blowing !

Nothing I see has shape or form ;
I hear the red cock crowing !
But that dear voice comes through the storm
To greet me in my nest so warm,
As if the sky were glowing !

A happy little child I lie
And hear the red cock crowing.
The day is dark. I wonder why
His voice rings out so brave and high,
With gladness overflowing.

CELIA THAXTER.

THE PRINCESS BEAUTIFUL

Once a good king lived in a palace in a far-away land.

He had one daughter, a golden-haired, blue-eyed princess. The princess had so many names that they would almost fill this page, but she was most often called Princess Beautiful.

Now the king wished the princess to marry a very brave knight. So he sent word to the lands about, that the princess would marry the bravest knight that could be found.

At noon, on the first day of summer, every knight who wished to marry the princess was to go to the king's palace. There he was to tell of his brave deeds.

THE WAIT-A-BIT BUSH

The first morning of summer dawned bright with sunshine. The princess looked down on the garden.

The happy birds sang, "Come, pretty princess, come!" The dew-spangled roses said,

“Come, come!” The tinkling water in the fountain said, “Come!” So the little princess went tripping into the garden.

She put her hands into the fountain and shook off the water drops, to watch them sparkle in the sunshine. She picked a pink rose to tuck in her little pink gown. Then away she went in chase of a golden butterfly.

The butterfly flitted from flower to flower, across the grass, and over the lily pond. The princess flitted from flower to flower, across the grass, and around the lily pond.

A long way from the palace, the butterfly flitted into a bush. The princess flitted into the bush. The butterfly flitted out of the bush. But the little princess did not.

The bush that held the little princess was a wait-a-bit bush. As everyone knows, it is best to keep away from a wait-a-bit bush. It has long thorns that catch and keep you.

The princess stood entangled in the bush. The hours went by. The day grew hot. The princess grew very tired. A breeze blew her hair across her eyes. She could not lift her



hands to put it back. At last the tears began to come and fall one by one on the wait-a-bit bush.

THE THREE RIDERS

Thud ! Thud ! There came a horse and rider. The rider drew rein at the wait-a-bit bush. When he saw the princess so entangled in

the bush, he laughed merrily. Then he said,—

“ Ne’er before did I see such a great pink rose ;
And its thorns protect it, as it grows.
For each one says, plain as plain can be,
‘ O rider, ride on, and don’t touch me ! ’ ”

Then the rider rode on.

Thud ! Thud ! There came a second horse and rider. The rider drew rein at the wait-a-bit bush. When he saw the princess so entangled in the bush, he looked sad. Then he said,—

“ A-lack-a-day, there’s a sorry sight !
Believe, fair maid, I regret your plight.
I would help you, if I could but wait ;
But ‘t is nearing noon, and ‘t would make me late ! ”

Then the second rider rode on.

Thud ! Thud ! There came a third horse and rider. The rider drew rein quickly at the wait-a-bit bush. When he saw the princess so entangled in the bush, down he sprang ! Throwing the rein over the horse’s neck, he said, —

“Good horse, we halt when we find the need.
We came to tell of a daring deed ;
But the long thorns prick most cruelly,
And the maid hath need of you and me.”

Quickly the rider cut away the thorns and freed the princess. He lifted her up on his horse and sprang up behind her. As they rode toward the palace, the rider thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as the little maid. He wondered if the princess herself could be half so beautiful.

THE PALACE THRONE ROOM

It was a little past noon. The ladies-in-waiting were afraid to tell the king that the princess was lost.

The king was sitting on his throne. Two knights stood before him. One had just finished the tale of his daring deeds, and now the second was telling his story.

Suddenly a knight appeared with a little maid. The little maid had a torn pink gown and a tear-stained face. She went flying across

the room. Up the steps of the throne she went, and flung her arms around the king's neck.

"Father! Father!" she cried.

Then the three knights knew that the little maid who had been entangled in the bush was the Princess Beautiful.

The princess told the king all that had happened that summer morning; and, as she spoke, the king's face grew very grave. When the story was ended, he said, —

"There were two knights passed a maid in need,
And one who stayed for a worthy deed;
And so methinks 't is plain to see
Which hath greatest claim to bravery."

Then the king looked sternly at the two knights who had passed the princess. Bowing low, they departed.

But the king smiled on the knight who had helped the little maid, and bade him stay and marry the princess.



THE FOX IN THE WELL

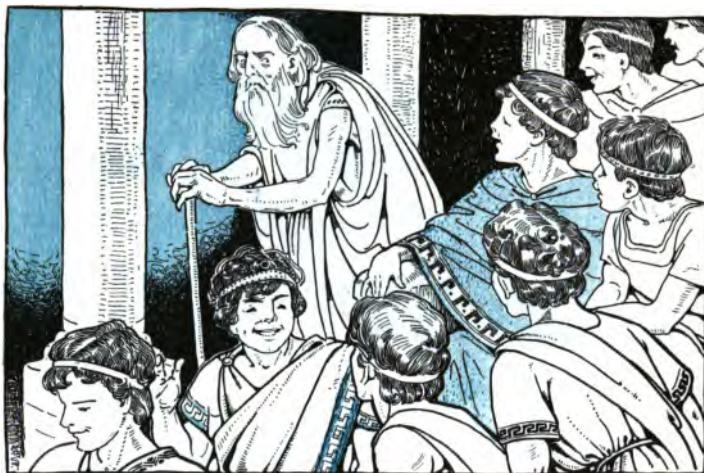
An unlucky Fox fell into a well and cried out for help. A Wolf heard him and looked down to see what the matter was.

"Ah!" said the Fox, "pray lend a hand, friend, and get me out of this."

"Poor creature," said the Wolf, "how did this come about? How long have you been here? You must be very cold."

"Come, come," said the Fox, "this is no time for pitying and asking questions. Get me out of the well first, and I will tell you all about it afterward."

AESOP.



A LESSON IN POLITENESS

Once, in the days of long ago, the boys of Sparta went to the great theater at Athens. They were guests of the Athenian boys, and were given seats of honor.

Just before the play began, an old man, leaning heavily on a staff, came into the theater. The place was crowded; and he looked in vain for a seat, as he made his way down toward the front.

At last he stopped, close by the seats of the Athenian boys. They began to point at him,

laughing at his long gray beard and his back bent over with age. Not one of them offered him a seat.

The Spartan boys, sitting near, saw the old man turning sadly away. At once they all rose, — each eager to offer his seat, — beckoned to the old man to come, and seated him in their midst.

For a moment the Athenian boys looked ashamed ; then they burst out with a cheer.

By this time all the people near were looking and listening. When the cheering stopped, the old man pulled himself up and, facing the people, said in a loud voice, —

“The Athenian boys *know* what is right, but the Spartan boys *do* what is right.”

LET ME DO IT NOW

I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now ; for I shall not pass this way again.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating —
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Abraham Lincoln loved birds and animals. It hurt him to have any of them suffer. Even when he was very busy, he would stop to help an animal in distress.

One day Lincoln and a party of his friends were traveling through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees. It was a warm day, and they stopped to water their horses. Soon the party was ready to start off again, but Lincoln was not to be found.

"Where is Lincoln?" everyone asked, looking around.

"I saw him a few minutes ago," answered one of the party. "He had found two little birds who had tumbled out of their nest, and he was looking about to find the nest so that he could put them back safely."

Before long Lincoln returned, looking very happy. He had found the nest and put the birds back safely. His friends laughed to think

that he had taken so much trouble for two young birds, but Lincoln said,—

“If I had not put those birds back in the nest where their mother will feed them, I could not have slept all night.”

Lincoln was kind to every living creature. One day he passed a beetle that lay sprawling on its back, trying in vain to turn over. He went right back and put it straight.

“Do you know,” he told the friend who was with him, “if I’d left that bug struggling there on his back, I should n’t have felt just right. I wanted to put him on his feet and give him a chance with all the other bugs of his class.”

ELLA LYMAN CABOT.

PRAYING AND LOVING

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE LOST PURSE

ACT I

PLACE : A street.

TIME : Morning.

FIRST CITIZEN

SECOND CITIZEN

[*The FIRST CITIZEN comes down the street. He picks up a purse.*]

FIRST CITIZEN. Some one has lost a purse. I fear he will miss it sadly. I will see if his name is within.

(*He looks into the purse.*)

No, here is a gold piece, but no writing.

(*He turns the purse over in his hand.*)

It is a good purse—good brown leather, with a silken cord, and clean. And this red lining has seen but little wear. I will take the purse to the Magistrate. He will find the owner and return it to him.

[*He goes to the Magistrate. The SECOND CITIZEN comes slowly down the street, looking at the ground as he walks.*]

SECOND CITIZEN. I had it a few minutes ago. I must have dropped it hereabouts. And it had a gold piece in it !

(*He walks up and down, looking along the street.*)

It surely is not here. And yet, it is here that I must have dropped it. Some one has picked it up. I will go to the Magistrate.

ACT II

PLACE : The office of the Magistrate.

TIME : Half an hour later.

FIRST CITIZEN SECOND CITIZEN
MAGISTRATE

[*The FIRST CITIZEN and the MAGISTRATE are talking together. The SECOND CITIZEN enters.*]

SECOND CITIZEN (*aside*). Ah, I see, some citizen has found my purse ! I will say to the Magistrate that my purse contained two gold pieces. The fellow will be afraid, and will give me a gold piece of his own.

(*Aloud*) Your Honor, within the hour I have lost a purse.

MAGISTRATE (*hiding the purse by his hand*).

This good citizen has just brought in a purse.
What kind of purse was yours, my man?

SECOND CITIZEN. A good brown leather, with
a silken cord, and lined with red. It had seen
not ten days' wear.



MAGISTRATE. And it had money in it?

SECOND CITIZEN. Some gold — no other coin.

MAGISTRATE (*holding out the purse*). What you
say describes this well. Is this the purse?

SECOND CITIZEN (*taking the purse*). That is
the purse, your Honor.

(*He opens it and looks within.*)

But, your Honor, in my purse there were two
gold pieces. Here I find but one. The other

has been stolen from me ! This man must have taken it for himself.

FIRST CITIZEN. Your Honor, I found the purse upon the street. I opened it to find the owner's name. I found naught within but one gold piece ; and, your Honor, I brought the purse straightway to you.

MAGISTRATE. Let me see the purse.

(*He takes the purse, looks in it, then turns to the Second Citizen.*)

Think you, had anyone wished to steal, would he have left one gold piece here ? And would he have brought the purse to me ?

You say your purse contained two coins of gold. This purse contains but one. Therefore it does not answer to the purse you lost. I will give it back to the finder, till the right man comes to claim it.

[*He gives the purse back to the First Citizen.*]

SECOND CITIZEN. But, your Honor —

MAGISTRATE. Silence !

SECOND CITIZEN. But —

MAGISTRATE. Silence ! The case is decided justly.

A STORY OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD

I

It was a glad summer morning. The little birds teetered on the sprays of the trees, opened their little throats and sang as loud as they could, for very joy. Flowers nodded to each other in the gardens and along the waysides ; butterflies went flitting about like gay little blossoms that had taken wing ; and the air was fresh and sweet.

The boys who were walking rapidly through the lane to the pasture of Madam Washington's farm were not thinking of the morning. No one chased a butterfly or picked a flower. No one wondered how many eggs there were in the bluebird's nest in the apple tree, or if young larks had hatched in the nest in the clover.

What could the boys be thinking about? They were thinking about a sorrel colt in the pasture, and they talked of nothing else. Had you been near, you might have heard something like this :

“ O George, she 'll rear and plunge ! ”

“But I ’ll hang on.”

“She ’ll race like mad ! ”

“I shall not care.”

“The stable men say she is the most vicious animal they ever saw. Don’t they, George ? ”

“Yes, but that is because they cannot manage her. Men always say a colt is vicious when she is hard to break.”

“O George, won’t it be fine if you can break her? My father says he thinks Madam Washington is going to have the finest blooded horse in all Virginia. But he says that the colt will be very hard to break.”

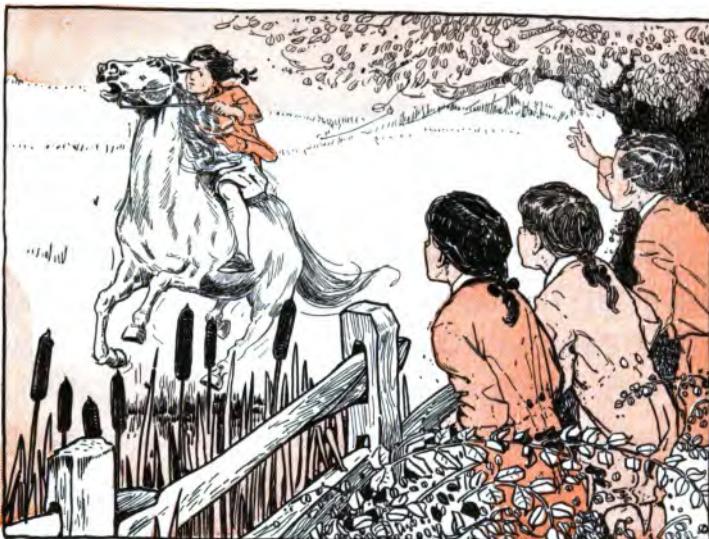
“Well, I mean to try, if we can just get the bit into her mouth.”

“We ’ll surround her and get it in.”

“Then I ’ll see what I can do.”

When the boys reached the pasture bars, the sorrel was feeding quietly on the fresh grass, looking not at all vicious. But as soon as the boys drew near her, away she galloped ! Then she quietly began to eat again.

It was a long time before the boys succeeded in driving her into a corner of the meadow. And



it was a very surprised horse that suddenly found a bit in her mouth, and a very angry horse that found a boy on her back.

Away she went like the wind ! The boy clung tight. Then backward she went across the pasture. The boy never lost his nerve. Then she stood on her front feet and went prancing about like a trained horse in a circus. Then she reared and pranced and plunged and raced till the boy went jolting and thumping in every direction. The boys watching were thoroughly frightened.

"Hang on, George! Hang on, for your life!" shouted one.

"Jump, George, or she'll kill you!" shouted another; and a third just kept screaming,—

"O George! O George!"

The screaming of the boys and the thumping of the boy on her back maddened the angry colt. Suddenly she made a great leap in the air and, coming down, fell over on her side on the grass. The sorrel had burst a blood vessel, and soon the boys were looking sad and frightened at the lifeless form of the most beautiful colt in Virginia.

II

It was a quiet group of boys that went slowly back through the flowery lane to the great house. Madam Washington, in her snowy cap, with her keys at her girdle, was on the porch.

"I see you come from the pasture, lads," she said. "Did you see my beautiful sorrel?"

"The sorrel is dead. I killed it," said George. Then he told her all the story.

Madam Washington looked surprised and angry and sorry by turns, as she listened. When the boys had finished, it was a long time before she spoke.

"My son, you did wrong," she said at last; "but I am glad you came quickly to tell me the truth. I would rather lose all the horses I have than have had you conceal the act. It is only by being truthful at all times that a boy can become a trustworthy man fitted to be honored by his fellows."

Little thought Madam Washington that summer morning that the story would be read by children in the years to come. And little thought anyone then that the birthday of that boy would in after years be kept as a nation's holiday.

Yet, every year, as you know, north, south, east, and west, over a broad free land, and on many ships that sail the seas, on the twenty-second of February the American flag waves in memory of George Washington. He did indeed grow from a trustworthy boy to a trustworthy man, and he became the first president of the United States.

A SONG OF OUR FLAG

Your Flag and my Flag !
And, oh, how much it holds —
Your land and my land —
Secure within its folds !
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight ;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and blue and white.
The one Flag — the great Flag — the Flag for
me and you —
Glorified all else beside — the red and white
and blue !

Your Flag and my Flag !
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe !
Your Flag and my Flag —
A blessing in the sky ;
Your hope and my hope —
It never hid a lie !

Home land and far land and half the world
around,

Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to
the sound !

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

HANS, WHO MADE THE PRINCESS LAUGH

Once upon a time there was a king who had a daughter so lovely that her fame went far and wide. But she was so sad that she never laughed. And she was so proud that she said "No" to all who came to woo her.

The king was tired of this whim of hers. He thought that she ought to be married. She was old enough — and rich enough, too ; for she was to have half of the kingdom.

So, every week, the king made known that the man who could make his daughter laugh should have both her and half the kingdom. But if anyone tried and failed, he should have three blows on his back ; and, sad to say, there were soon many sore backs in that kingdom.

From south and from north, from east and from west, came suitors to try their luck. They thought it an easy thing to make a princess laugh. They were queer fellows ; but, for all their tricks and pranks, the princess was just as sad as ever.

Near the palace lived a man who had three sons ; and all three wanted to try to make the princess laugh.

The eldest wanted to try first. He had been a soldier; and an awkward one he was ! Had not everybody, grand and simple, laughed many a time at him, when he went through his drill ?

So he placed himself in the garden outside the princess's windows and began to drill. But all in vain ! The princess sat just as sad as before. So off he had to go, and was given three blows on his back.

Yet, when this young man reached home, the second son still wanted to try. He was a funny looking fellow, and great at preaching and singing. So he went into the garden to try what he could do.

The king laughed till he had to hang on to the doorpost ; and the princess was just going to smile, but suddenly she was as sad as ever. So off the second son had to go, with no better luck than the first.

Well, the youngest son thought he would have a try next. His name was Hans. His brothers showed him their sore backs, and his father told him it was no use for him to try — he had so little sense. But Hans begged so hard that at last he was allowed to go.

When he reached the palace, he did not say that he had come to make the princess laugh ; he asked if he could get work to do. No, they had no work for him.

But Hans was not so easily put off. Did n't they want some one to carry wood and water for the kitchen maid, in such a big place as that ? Well, yes ; he might stay to carry wood and water for the kitchen maid.

One day, while he was at the brook for water, he saw a big fish hiding under the root of a tree on the edge of the bank. He slipped his bucket under the fish and caught it. As he was going

back to the palace, he met an old woman leading a golden goose.

“Good day, grandmother!” said Hans. “That’s a fine bird you have there; and such splendid feathers, too! He shines a long way off.”

The woman thought just as much of the fish that Hans had in the basket. If Hans would give her the fish, he should have the golden goose. And the goose was no common goose; if anyone touched it, and you said, “If you’ll come along, then hang on,” he would stick fast to the goose.

Yes, Hans would willingly give her the fish and take the goose. “A bird is as good as a fish any day,” he said to himself.

“If it is as you say,” he said to the woman, “I might use it instead of a fish-hook.”

He had not gone far before he met another old woman. When she saw the splendid golden goose, she must go stroke it. She asked Hans if she might.

“Oh, yes!” said Hans, “but you must n’t pluck off any of its feathers!”

Just as she stroked the goose, Hans said,—
“ If you ’ll come along, then hang on ! ”

The woman pulled and pulled ; but she had to hang on, whether she would or no. And Hans walked ahead, as if he had only the goose with him.

When he had gone a little farther, he met a man who had a grudge against the woman. When the man saw her trying so hard to pull away and get free, he laughed and gave her a little kick.

“ If you ’ll come along, then hang on ! ” said Hans. And there the man’s foot stuck ; and he had to hang on and jump along on one leg, whether he would or no.

So on they went till they came near to the palace. There they met the king’s smith. He was on his way to the smithy, and had a large pair of tongs in his hand.

This smith was a merry fellow, always full of pranks and tricks. When he saw this procession coming jumping and limping along, he laughed till he was bent in two.

“ This must be a new flock of geese for the

princess," he said. And then he called, "Goosey, goosey!" and put out his hands as if he were strewing corn for them to eat.

But they did not stop. The woman and the man only looked angrily at him, for making fun of them.

"It would be great fun to see if I could stop the whole flock," said the smith; and he ran up behind the procession.

He was a strong man, and he seized with his big tongs the man who was jumping along on one foot. But while the poor fellow was shouting and struggling, Hans called out,—

"If you 'll come along, then hang on!"

And so the smith had to hang on, too. He bent his back and stuck his heels into the ground when they went up a hill, and tried to get away. But it was of no use. Whether or not he liked it, he had to dance along with the others.

When they came to the palace, the dog ran out at them with such a barking that the princess came to her window to see what was the matter and — burst out laughing!



"Just wait a bit," thought Hans, "and she will laugh louder still." And he began to march his procession around the palace.

When they passed the kitchen, the cook looked out. She had a big porridge stick in one hand and a big ladle in the other, and she laughed till her sides shook. But when she looked at the golden goose again, she thought it

was such a lovely goose that she must stroke it.

“Hans, Hans!” she cried, running after him, “just let me stroke that lovely bird of yours!”

As she was passing the smith, he looked so funny that she could n’t help giving him a little smack with her ladle.

“If you ’ll come along, then hang on!” called Hans. And so she stuck fast to the smith; and for all her pulling, she had to run along after him.

When they passed the princess’s window again, and she saw that they had the cook, too, with the ladle and the porridge stick, she laughed till the king had to hold her up. So Hans got the princess and half the kingdom, and they had a wedding that was heard of far and wide.

*From the Norwegian Tale by
PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN.*

UNCLE RAIN AND BROTHER DROUTH

I

Once upon a time there lived in a country not far from here a man who had a wife and two children, a boy and a girl. The man was very poor. He was a farmer; and farming, you know, depends on the weather.

Now, this farmer never could get the weather he wanted. One year the Rain would come and drown his crops, and the next year the Drouth would come and burn them up.

Matters went from bad to worse, and the farmer and his wife talked of nothing else but the Rain and the Drouth. One year the boy and the girl would be told that they could have no Sunday clothes and shoes because of the Drouth. The next year they'd be told they could have no shoes and Sunday clothes because of the Rain.

All this set them thinking. The boy was ten years old, and the girl was nearly nine. One day at their play they began to talk as

they had heard their father and mother talk. It was early in the spring, and their father was even then ploughing his fields.

"We will have warm shoes and good clothes next winter, if the Rain does n't come and stay too long," said the boy.

"Yes," said the girl, "and we 'll have good clothes and warm shoes if the Drouth does n't come and stay too long."

"I wonder why they treat us so," said the boy.

"I 'm sure I don't know," replied the girl. "If we go and see them, and beg them not to make us so cold and hungry when winter comes, maybe they 'll take pity on us."

This plan pleased the boy, so they agreed to go in search of the Rain and the Drouth.

"Do you," said the boy, "go in search of Brother Drouth, and I will go in search of Uncle Rain. When we have found them, we will ask them to visit our father and see the trouble they have caused."

To this the girl agreed ; and early next morning, after eating a piece of cornbread, they started

on their journey. The boy went to the east and the girl to the south.

II

The boy traveled a long way, and for many days. At last he came to Cousin Mist's house, and there he asked his way.

"What do you want with Uncle Rain?" asked Cousin Mist. "He is holding court now, and he is very busy. Besides, you are not dressed properly. When people go to court, they have to wear a certain kind of dress. You ought to have a big umbrella and an oil-cloth overcoat."

"Well," said the boy, "I have n't them, and that 's the end of that. If you 'll show me the way to Uncle Rain's house, I 'll go on and be much obliged."

Cousin Mist looked at the boy and laughed.

"You are a bold lad," he said; "and since you are so bold, I 'll lend you an umbrella and an oil-cloth overcoat and go part of the way with you."

So the boy put on the overcoat and hoisted the umbrella, and trudged along the muddy

road toward the house of Uncle Rain. When they came in sight of it, Cousin Mist told the boy good-bye, and then went drizzling back home. The boy went on, and knocked at the door of Uncle Rain's house.

"Who is there?" asked Uncle Rain in a hoarse and wheezy voice.

"It's only I," said the boy. "Please, Uncle Rain, open the door."

So Uncle Rain opened the door and invited the little fellow in. He did more than that: he went to the closet and got out a dry spot and told the boy to make himself comfortable. Of course, Uncle Rain had to keep a supply of dry spots, so as to make his visitors comfortable.

Well, the boy sat on the dry spot; and Uncle Rain asked him why he had come so far.

Then the boy told Uncle Rain how poor his father was, and how he had been made poorer year after year, first by Brother Drouth and then by Uncle Rain.

Then he told how he and his little sister had to go without shoes and wear thin clothes in cold weather, because the crops were ruined

year after year, either by Brother Drouth or Uncle Rain.

He told his story with so much feeling that Uncle Rain had to wipe his eyes on a corner of the fog that hung on the towel rack behind the



door. He asked the boy a great many questions about his father and his mother.

“I’m afraid,” said Uncle Rain, at last, “that I have done all of you a great deal of harm. I think I can pay you back for it. Bring the dry spot with you, and come with me.”

Uncle Rain went into the barnyard, and the

boy followed. They went into the barn; and there, tied by a silver cord, was a little black sheep. It was very small, and it had long horns that curled round and round on the sides of its head. Uncle Rain untied the silver cord and placed the end in the boy's hand.

"Here is a sheep," he said, "that is worth more than all the flocks in the world. When you want gold, press the golden spring under the left horn. The horn will then come off, and you will find it full of gold. When you want silver, press the silver spring under the right horn. The horn will come off, and you will find it full of silver. When the horns are empty, place them back where they belong."

The boy thanked Uncle Rain and started home, leading his wonderful sheep.

III

And the little girl? The little girl, you remember, was to go to the south to visit Brother Drouth.

As she went along, the roads began to get drier and drier. The grass and the leaves be-

gan to look as if they had been sprinkled with yellow powder. So the little girl knew that she was not far from the house of Cousin Dust.

Soon she saw the house. She went to the door, which was open, and asked the way to Brother Drouth's.

Cousin Dust was surprised to see a little girl at his door. But, after a fit of coughing, he told her that she was now in Brother Drouth's country.

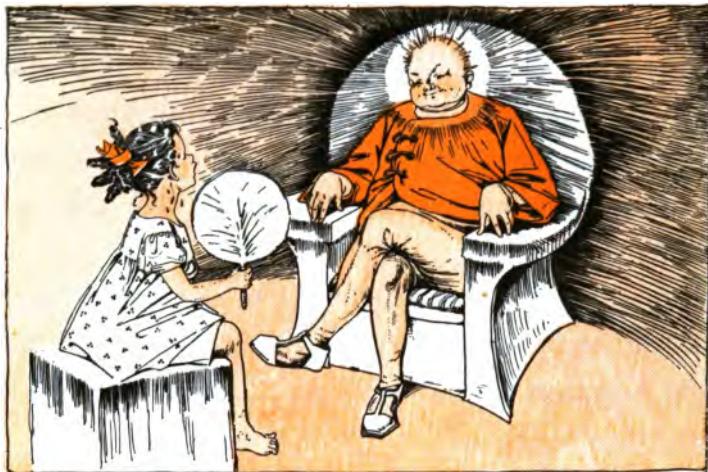
"If you 'll show me the way, I 'll be very much obliged to you," said the little girl.

"I 'll go a part of the way with you," said Cousin Dust, "and lend you a fan besides."

So they went along until they came in sight of Brother Drouth's house. Then Cousin Dust went whirling back home.

The girl went to Brother Drouth's door and knocked. Brother Drouth came at once, and opened the door, and invited her in.

"I 'll not deny that I 'm surprised," he said ; "for I never expected to find a little girl knocking at my door. I 'm glad to see you. You must have come a long journey ; you look hot."



Then he went to the cupboard and got her a cool place to sit on, and she found this very comfortable. But still Brother Drouth was not satisfied.

As his visitor was a little girl, he wanted to be extra polite. So he went to his closet and brought her a fresh breeze with a handle to it. And she sat on the cool place and fanned with the fresh breeze. And Brother Drouth sat in his big arm-chair and smiled at her.

The little girl noticed this after a while, so she said, —

“Oh, you can laugh, but it’s no laughing

matter. If you could see the trouble you 've caused at our house, you would n't laugh."

When he heard this, Brother Drouth became very serious. He said he was not laughing, but just smiling because she seemed to be enjoying herself.

"I may be enjoying myself now," said the little girl, "and I 'm much obliged to you. But if I were at home, I should n't be enjoying myself."

Then she told Brother Drouth how her father's crops had been ruined year after year, either by Uncle Rain or by Brother Drouth. She told him how the family grew poorer and poorer all the time, so that they could not have warm shoes and thick clothes in winter.

Brother Drouth listened with all his ears. When the little girl ended her story, he shook his head. He said that he was to blame as well as Uncle Rain. He and Uncle Rain had long been trying to see which was the stronger; and they had become so interested in this that they paid no attention to people's crops. He was very sorry; he thought he could pay her back.

"Bring your cool place and your fresh breeze with you, and come with me," he said.

The little girl followed Brother Drouth out into the barnyard and into the barn. There, tied by a golden cord, was a snow-white goat. The goat was small, and it had ivory-white horns that curved up and over its back.

"This goat," said Brother Drouth, "is worth more than all the other goats in the world, tame or wild." He untied the golden cord and placed the end in the little girl's hand.

"Now then," said Brother Drouth, "this goat is yours. Take it, and take care of it. On the under side of each horn, you will find a small spring. Touch it, and the horn will come off. Each horn, no matter how many times you touch the spring, will always be full of gold and silver.

"But this is not all. At each change of the moon, you will find the right horn full of diamonds, and the left horn full of pearls."

The little girl thanked Brother Drouth again and again. She would have left the cool place and fresh breeze, but Brother Drouth told her

to keep both of them. So she thanked Brother Drouth again and started home, leading her wonderful goat.

With the cool place and the fresh breeze, she made the long journey very easily. She reached her father's gate, too, just as her brother did.

They were very glad to see each other. The sheep and the goat, too, seemed to be old friends; for they rubbed their noses together.

"I'll make father and mother rich!" said the boy, proudly.

"I'll make them richer!" said the girl, more proudly still.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. *Adapted.*

FERN SONG

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,

And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."

Then laugh and upturn

All your fronds, little Fern,

And rejoice in the beat of the rain !

JOHN B. TABB.



MY LADY WIND

My Lady Wind is very tall,
As tall as she can be;
Her hands can shake the tallest bough
Upon the tallest tree,
And even reach up to the sky,
And twirl the clouds about,
And rattle them for thundering,
And shake the raindrops out.
And yet so light, so light she steps
Upon the flowers and grass,
They only need to bow their heads
To let my lady pass.

You cannot see my Lady Wind,
Though you can hear her plain,
And watch her tread the clovers down
That rise so quick again.
And I know just how she would look,
So tall and full of grace,
With bright hair streaming out behind,
And such a lovely face!

My Lady Wind is grand and strong,
And yet so full of glee,
She almost says, " My little maid,
Come, have a race with me."

ANONYMOUS.



HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

“I never can do it,” the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
“I know I should fall if I tried to fly.”
“Try,” said the big kite; “only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all.”
But the little kite said, “I’m afraid I’ll fall.”

The big kite nodded: “Ah, well, good-bye;
I’m off”; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite’s paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver
grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.

They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and clouds were there.
“Oh, how happy I am!” the little kite cried;
“And all because I was brave, and tried.”

ANONYMOUS.

THE FOREST FULL OF FRIENDS

I

There was once a little orphan girl named Elsa. She lived in a lonely place by the side of a great forest, with an old woman, who was her only friend. Far away, they could see the towers of the king's palace.

Now, on the first day of every year the king chose from among the children of the kingdom a boy and a girl, the best-looking and best-behaved that could be found. These, he kept at the palace to be brought up among the pages and maids-of-honor.

The old woman of the forest thought her little Elsa both beautiful and well-behaved; so she decided that, on the next New Year's Day, she would take her to the king.

Early on New Year's morning they started out. The palace stood in the center of a splendid park; and, when they reached the gate, many other children, with their friends, were passing through. They were all dressed more finely than Elsa; but, as the old woman said to herself, there was not one more beautiful.

But when they came up to the palace door, and asked if they might go in, the porter said to Elsa, —

“Where are your friends?”

“I have no friends,” she answered, “except this old woman.”

“You must have other friends,” said the porter. “Do you not know that every child coming to-day must bring five friends to introduce him to the king?”

So Elsa and the old woman turned sadly away.

How small the little house seemed after the great palace! And how dark and lonely the forest, after the splendid park! Elsa loved the kind old woman dearly, but now it made her sad to think that she had no other friend.

II

One afternoon, a day or two after their journey to the palace, the old woman called Elsa to her and said,—

“I think you had better go into the forest and play.”

“Why, what do you mean?” asked Elsa; for the forest was very big and dark. Indeed, throughout all the kingdom it was called the Forest Full of Fears. So Elsa asked again,—

“What do you mean? Are you not afraid to have me go into the forest?”

“No,” said the old woman. “There is nothing bad in the forest, if you take nothing bad into it. You are lonely to-day, little girl. I think you may find some friends in the forest.”

“How strange!” thought Elsa. But she had always trusted the old woman, so she made ready to go.

“Come here,” said the old woman again; “I have something to give you. Here are some drops that I have been keeping for you, for many years.”

“And what are they for?” asked Elsa.

"To put on your ears," said the old woman.
"Rub a drop on each of your ears, and I think
you may find some friends in the forest that
you could not have understood before."

So Elsa took the tiny bottle; and, when she
had gone into the Forest Full of Fears, she
touched each ear with one of the drops.

Then a strange thing happened. All the
little leaves were calling softly, —

"Welcome to the Forest Full of Friends !
Welcome to the Forest Full of Friends ! "

"Why," said Elsa, aloud, "is that what you
have been saying all along ? I thought this was
the Forest Full of *Fears* ! "

Then all the trees shook their leaves, —

"No, no ! No, no, no !" And they waved
and beckoned, and repeated softly, "Welcome
to the Forest Full of Friends ! "

Then Elsa heard a brown bird that sat sing-
ing on the branch of a tree. She listened.
The bird cocked his eye at her and sang, —

"Good morning ! Good morning ! It's a
beautiful morning ! I'm very glad to see you !
—glad to see you!"

A squirrel dropped her a nut from high up in an oak, and chattered and chirped, as it ran back and forth on the branch,—

“Jolly old forest, is n’t it? Jolly old forest, is n’t it?”

“Surely,” thought Elsa, “there never was a forest with more polite or more friendly people in it. I am not afraid. I will come again tomorrow. It is growing dark now.” So Elsa hurried home, feeling that she had made more friends that day than in all her life before.

After that, Elsa was never lonely. She went every day to visit her friends in the forest; and she grew to love them, every one.

III

A whole year passed quickly. As it was nearing New Year’s Day, Elsa remembered that it would soon be time for the king to choose again some children for the palace.

“Now,” she said, laughing, “I have plenty of friends, if the king only knew it.”

“Surely!” said the old woman. “I think we had better go to the palace again. We will

tell the porter that you have a Forest Full of Friends, as he may know if he will come here to see them."

When the old woman awoke on the morning of the great day, she found Elsa already dressed for the journey; and what did the child have but a squirrel, a bird, a frog, a butterfly, and a cricket — some of them perched on her shoulders, and the others on her hands!

"Why, what in the world is all this?" asked the old woman.

"These are my five friends from the forest," said Elsa. "I went into the forest very early and asked them if they would be willing to go with us. When they knew why I wanted them, they were all delighted to come."

The old woman did not know what to say to this, so she said nothing; and soon they all set out on the road to the palace.

Everything at the palace looked just as it had the year before: there was the same crowd entering the gates, and the same porter at the door. When he saw Elsa and the old woman, he remembered them at once.

"But why," he said, "have you all these creatures with you? Are they presents for the king?"

"No," said Elsa, "they are the five friends that you said I must have to introduce me. Last year I had only one friend, but now I have plenty."

"Very good," said the porter. "But I do not see how these friends can introduce you to the king." Nevertheless, because Elsa had grown so beautiful, he threw open the door and led them to the king.

"If your Majesty pleases," said Elsa, "I have brought five friends to introduce me, as the porter told me I must do. If you will only touch each of your ears with a drop from my little bottle, you will know what they are saying."

The king was much surprised; but he took the little bottle that Elsa held out to him, and touched a drop to each ear. Just then the bird began to chirp, the squirrel began to chatter, the frog began to croak, the cricket began to sing, and the butterfly flew close to the king's ear and whispered into it.

No one but the king knew what the five friends said; but the king was so pleased to be able to understand them, and to hear what they said, that he beckoned to Elsa to come to him. He drew her close and set her on his knee — a thing that no king had ever been known to do before.

"So you want to come to live in the palace, and be brought up as a maid-of-honor, or perhaps a princess?" he said.

"Yes," said Elsa, "if your Majesty wishes me; and if my oldest friend, who has taken care of me all my life, can stay too; and if I can often go to visit my friends in the forest."

"It shall be done!" said the king. And he sent word to the porter that he need not admit any other little girls to be chosen, until next New Year's Day.

Then the king gave orders that the map of the kingdom should be changed, so that ever after the Forest Full of Fears should be called the Forest Full of Friends.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN. *Adapted.*

FRIENDS

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace
Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face
Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing o'er the grass
To whisper pretty things;
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle Friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.

ABBY FARWELL BROWN.

BROTHER RABBIT'S STORY

I

Once upon a time, when Brother Fox and myself were living on pretty good terms with each other, we received an invitation to a barbecue that Brother Wolf was going to give on the following Saturday. The next day we received an invitation to a barbecue that Brother Bear was going to give on the same Saturday.

I made up my mind at once to go to Brother Bear's barbecue, because I knew he would have fresh roasting ears; and if there's anything I like better than another, it is fresh roasting ears.

I asked Brother Fox whether he was going to Brother Bear's barbecue or to Brother Wolf's, but he shook his head. He said he had n't made up his mind.

I went about my work as usual. Cold weather was coming on, and I wanted to get my crops in before the big freeze came. But I noticed that Brother Fox was mighty restless in his mind. He did n't do a stroke of work. He'd

sit down, and then he'd get up; he'd stand still and look up in the tops of the trees, and then he'd walk back and forth with his hands behind him and look down at the ground.

I says to him, says I, "I hope you are not sick, Brother Fox."

Says he, "Oh, no, Brother Rabbit; I never felt better in my life."

I says to him, says I, "I hope I'll have the pleasure of your company to the barbecue tomorrow."

Says he, "I can't tell, Brother Rabbit; I can't tell. I have n't made up my mind. I may go to the one, or I may go to the other; but which it will be, I can't tell you to save my life."

As the next day was Saturday, I was up bright and early. I dug my goobers and spread them out to dry in the sun; and then, ten o'clock, as near as I could judge, I started out to the barbecue.

Brother Wolf lived near the river; and Brother Bear lived right on the river, a mile or two below Brother Wolf's. About three miles beyond our house, the big road forked; one prong



going to Brother Wolf's house, and the other prong going to Brother Bear's house.

Well, when I came to the forks of the road, whom should I see there but old Brother Fox ! I stopped before he saw me, and watched him. He went a little way down one road, and licked his chops ; then he came back and went a little way down the other road, and licked his chops.

Not choosing to be late, I showed myself and passed the time of day with Brother Fox. I said, says I, that if he was going to Brother

Bear's barbecue, I'd be glad to have his company. But he said, says he, that he would n't keep me waiting. He had just come down to the forks of the road to see if that would help him to make up his mind.

I told him I was mighty sorry to miss his company and his conversation, and then I tipped my hat good-day and went down the road that led to Brother Bear's house.

Well, when I got a whiff of the barbecue, I was truly glad I had come—truly glad. It was a fine barbecue, too. There was lamb and kid, cooked to a turn and well seasoned ; and then there was the hash made out of the giblets. I 'll not tell you any more about the dinner, except that I 'd like to have one like it every Saturday in the year. If I happened to be too sick to eat it, I could sit up and look at it. Anyhow, we all had enough and to spare.

II

After we had finished with the barbecue and were sitting in Brother Bear's front porch smoking our pipes, I happened to mention to Brother

Bear something about Brother Wolf's barbecue. I said, says I, that I thought I'd go by Brother Wolf's house as I went on home, though it was a right smart step out of the way, just to see how the land lay.

Says Brother Bear, says he, "If you 'll wait till my company take their leave, I don't mind trotting over to Brother Wolf's with you. The walk will help to settle my dinner."

So, about two hours by sun, we started out and went to Brother Wolf's house. Brother Bear knew a short cut, and it didn't take us more than half an hour to get there.

. Brother Wolf was just telling his company good-bye; and, when they had all gone, he would have us go in and taste his mutton stew; and then he declared he 'd think right hard of us if we did n't drink a mug or two of his persimmon beer.

I said, says I, "Brother Wolf, have you seen Brother Fox to-day?"

Brother Wolf said, says he, "I declare, I have n't seen hair nor hide of Brother Fox. I don't see why he did n't come. He 's always

keen to go where there 's fresh meat a-frying."

I said, says I, "The reason I asked was because I left Brother Fox at the forks of the road this morning, trying to make up his mind whether he 'd eat at your house or at Brother Bear's."

"Well, I 'm mighty sorry," says Brother Wolf, says he; "Brother Fox never missed a finer chance to pick a bone than he 's had to-day. Please tell him so for me."

I said I would, and then I told Brother Wolf and Brother Bear good-bye and set out for home. I came to the forks of the road before the sun went down.

You may not believe it, but, when I got there, Brother Fox was there, going through the same motions that had made me laugh in the morning — running down one road and licking his chops, and then running down the other and licking his chops.

Says I, "I hope you had a good dinner at Brother Wolf's to-day, Brother Fox."

Says he, "I 've had no dinner."

Says I, "That 's mighty funny. Brother Bear

had a famous barbecue ; and I thought Brother Wolf was going to have one, too."

Says Brother Fox, " Is dinner over ? Is it too late to go ? "

Says I, " Why, Brother Fox, the sun 's nearly down. By the time you get to Brother Bear's house, he 'll be gone to bed ; and by the time you go across the swamp to Brother Wolf's house, the chickens will be crowing for day."

" Well, well, well ! " says Brother Fox, " I 've been all day trying to make up my mind which road I 'd take, and now it 's too late."

And that was the fact. The poor creature had been all day trying to make up his mind which road he 'd take. And not a bit of dinner did he have.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. *Adapted.*

SIR ROBIN

Rollicking Robin is here again,
What does he care for the April rain ?
Care for it ? Glad of it ! Does n't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,

And coaxes the leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ” hear the jolly bird laugh,
“ That is n’t the best of the story by half.”

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
In orange-tawny, and black and brown,
Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
With a twist of his head, and a start and a hop,
To his robin-wife in the peach-tree top,
Chirping his heart out, he calls, “ My dear,
You don’t earn your living ! Come here ! come
here !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! Life is lovely and sweet ;
But what would it be if we ’d nothing to eat.”

LUCY LARCOM.



THE SLEEPING PRINCESS

I

Once upon a time there were a king and a queen who lived in a beautiful palace.

But the king and the queen were not happy. No little children played in the palace garden. No little feet ran up and down the palace stairs.

“If only we had a little child,” they sighed, “oh, how happy we should be!”

At last it happened that a little daughter was born to them. The king and the queen were very happy indeed. All the kingdom was happy, and all the bells were rung for joy.

“Now,” said the king, “we must have a great feast. All the fairies in the kingdom must be invited. They shall be godmothers to our daughter.”

So the king sent his pages far and wide to find all the fairies in the kingdom. The pages found twelve and, in the name of the king, invited them to the feast.

Then the king ordered for each of the twelve

fairies a golden plate and knife and fork, set thick with jewels.

II

In the great hall of the palace the feast was spread. Tall candles lighted the tables, and the places for the twelve fairies glittered and sparkled beneath them.

The guests were sitting down to eat, when suddenly there appeared at the door a little old woman. She was wrinkled and bent, and leaned heavily on a staff. She hobbled a few steps into the hall. Then she stopped and looked at the table where the twelve fairies were sitting. She counted the golden plates.

"I see no place for me!" she called out sharply to the king. "You have set no place for me!"

Just then, the king came down to greet her.

Long before, when the king was a boy, he had heard of an old, old fairy who lived alone in a tower in a far part of the kingdom. He had never thought of her since; and it was many, many years since anyone had seen her.

"But surely," he thought, "this must be she."

To tell the truth, the king was very much frightened. Who would not be frightened if he had angered a fairy—and in his own kingdom, too? And the king remembered that he had ordered only twelve golden plates.

However, he did the best he could. He asked the old fairy to sit down at the fairies' table. And there she sat, with her lips tight shut, and said never a word.

When the feast was over, the twelve fairies went to give their gifts to the little princess, as was the custom of fairy godmothers in those days. And the old fairy went with them.

They stood around the baby's cradle—all but one of the fairies; she had hidden herself behind a curtain.

The first fairy waved her wand over the baby princess. "She shall have health and strength," she said.

"She shall have wondrous beauty," said the second fairy.

"She shall have wondrous grace," said the third.



"She shall have wisdom," said the fourth. And so, each in turn, they gave the baby their gifts. She should dance, she should sing, she should play. She should be gentle and sweet and kind. When all was said, they had made her the most wonderful little princess in all the world.

But now the old fairy spoke.

"I too have a gift to give," she said ; and her voice sounded deeper and harsher than before.

She had hobbled close to the cradle, thumping her staff on the floor as she went. Now

she held the staff over the sleeping baby and said very slowly, so all could hear, —

“When she is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger on a spindle, and she shall die.”

At that moment the fairy behind the curtain stepped out and spoke.

“O king and queen,” she said, “I have not yet given my gift. I would that I could undo all that my elder sister has done; but that I cannot. It is true, the princess shall prick her hand on a spindle. But she shall not die.”

Here the fairy waved her wand over the cradle; and then she said, very slowly and clearly, —

“She shall fall asleep, and shall sleep for a hundred years. When the hundred years have passed, a king’s son shall come and waken her.”

The next day the king ordered that every spindle in the land should be burned, and that no one should make or use distaff or spindle, on pain of death.

III

As time went on, the little princess used well her fairy gifts. She grew every day in beauty and wisdom and grace. She was gentle and kind and sweet. She learned to dance and sing and play.

One day, when the king and the queen were busy with affairs of state, the little princess was left quite alone.

“To-day I am going through every room in the palace,” she said to herself. “I have never been in every room ; and I am so old now that I can go alone. Besides, to-day is my birthday. It is a good day to begin to know the palace.”

So the princess wandered from one room to another, and up the stairs. Higher and higher she went, until she came to a little room in the top of a tower.

The light from one high window fell on a splendid couch draped with silken curtains. At first the princess could see nothing else in the room. Then she noticed that over in the corner sat an old woman, spinning.

"What are you doing there, goody?" asked the princess; for she had never seen a distaff or a spindle.

"I am spinning, child," answered the old woman. Her voice was deep and harsh, but the princess was not afraid.

"Oh," said the princess, "how pretty it is! Do show me how you do it!"

She reached out her hand for the spindle. But, as she took it, the sharp point pricked her finger; and she fell down, as in a swoon.

The old woman muttered something to herself. Then she stooped and lifted the princess in her arms. It was but a step to the splendid couch, and there she laid her down.

The light from the high window fell on the face of the princess, and on her golden hair; but she did not waken.

IV

The palace stood high on a hill. Far below in the valley ran the highway. On this highway, one summer's day, a young man was

riding. His suit was of hunter's green, and a horn hung at his belt.

As he rode, he passed an old man resting by the wayside.

"Old man," called the rider, "I have outridden my fellows and lost my way. The country hereabouts is strange to me. Can you tell me what tower that is on the hill up there? It rises out of a thick wood, I should say."

"Ah," said the old man, "I can tell you little about it, nor can anyone else. Many have tried to reach it; but thick brambles grow about it, and no man yet has been able to get through. Some say the place is bewitched."

"What is its story?" asked the rider. "I should like to know."

"Well," said the old man, "some say one thing, and some say another. But when I was a boy, I was told that a princess lies sleeping in that tower. And I was told, too, that the man who could waken her might marry her if he would. But a foolish tale! A foolish tale!"

"I should like to try, myself," said the rider, looking up at the tower. "And I think I will."

"Foolish, foolish!" said the old man, shaking his head. "Remember, there have been many fools before you. They came back with their clothes in rags and their skin well scratched. That is all they got for their pains."

"Well," said the young man, laughing, "nevertheless, I think I will try." And he started on toward the hill.

"Hold!" called the old man after him. "You should be a king's son. I forgot to tell you that."

At this, the young man laughed merrily.

"Now you have settled it, old man," he called back. "I surely go!" And he spurred his horse toward the hill.

It was not long before he reached the woods. What he had heard was true. Thick brambles filled all the spaces between the trees. Nevertheless, he rode on.

And lo! at his coming, the brambles parted before him. And he rode through, unscratched, straight to the palace gates.

The gates were open. He entered the courtyard. Horses were standing there, sleeping as

they stood. Grooms were holding their bridles ; but the grooms were sleeping, too.

“Strange !” thought the young man ; but he hurried in at the open door.

“What !” he cried, “is the whole court asleep ?” For there, in the kitchen, the cook slept with a fowl in one hand and a knife in the other. And the kitchen maid slept with one hand raised and the other holding the scullion’s ear.

In the halls and on the stairs were gentlemen-in-waiting, sleeping as they stood.

Up in the throne room a page, it seemed, had fallen asleep while bowing before the king. And the king himself was asleep on his throne. His prime minister was sleeping with his book wide open in his hands, as if he were reading aloud.

But the young man did not stop. On he went, past sleeping maids and court ladies ; up the stairs and up, till he came to a little room in the top of a tower.

There he stopped ; for on a couch before him lay the most beautiful princess he had ever



seen. The light from one high window fell on her face and on her golden hair.

Very softly he stepped into the room. He went over to the couch and touched her hand. At the touch she opened her eyes. She looked at him and smiled.

"Is it you, my prince?" she said. "You have waited a long time."

Then she arose; and, hand in hand, they went down the stairs together.

As they went, the court was waking. Every page was yawning and stretching. But everyone was going on with his work, just where he had left it.

The court ladies were hurrying to the queen. The prime minister was reading aloud from his book. The king was ordering the page. The grooms in the courtyard were leading the horses to the stable. And down in the kitchen the cook was preparing the fowl, and the kitchen maid boxed the scullion's ear.

Outside, the woods and the brambles had disappeared, and sunshine surrounded the palace.

It was only when the princess led the prince to the throne room that the king knew how a hundred years had passed.

Then there was great rejoicing in the palace. And the prince took the princess to his own city, where they lived happily for many a day.

Adapted from GRIMM's "Briar Rose."

SEED FRIENDS

Little brown brother, O little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other;
Hark to the song of the lark —
“Waken!” the lark says, “waken and dress
you;
Put on your green coats and gay!
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress
you —
Waken! ’t is morning — ’t is May!”

Little brown brother, O little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I ’ll be a poppy — all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you ’re a sunflower? How I shall miss
you
When you ’re grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-bye!

E. NESBIT.

THE STONE-CUTTER

Once upon a time, in Japan, there was a stone-cutter named Hofus. He used to go every day to the mountain to cut great blocks of stone, for the builders of fine houses.

The stone-cutter lived near the mountain in a little stone hut. He worked hard, and he was happy.

One day he took a load of stone to the house of a very rich man. There he saw so many beautiful things that, when he went back to his work on the mountain, he could think of nothing else. Then he began to wish that he, too, might sleep in a bed as soft as down, with curtains of silk and tassels of gold. And he sighed, —

“ Ah me ! Ah me !
If Hofus only were rich as he ! ”

To his surprise, the voice of the mountain spirit answered, —

“ Have thou thy wish ! ”

When Hofus returned home that evening, his little hut was gone. In its place stood a great palace. It was filled with beautiful things; and best of all was a bed of down with curtains of silk and tassels of gold.

Hofus decided to work no more. But he was not used to being idle, and the time passed very slowly — the days seemed very long.

One day, as he sat by the window, he saw a carriage dash by. It was drawn by snow-white horses. In it sat a prince; and, before and behind, were servants in suits of blue and silver. One was holding a golden umbrella over the prince.

The stone-cutter began to feel very unhappy; and he sighed, —

“Ah me! Ah me!
If Hofus only a prince might be!”

And, again, the same voice that he had heard on the mountain answered, —

“Be thou a prince!”

Straightway, Hofus was a prince. He had ser-

vants dressed in crimson and gold. He rode in a carriage, with a golden umbrella over his head.

For a short time he was happy. But one day, as he walked in his garden, he saw that the flowers were drooping, the grass was dry and brown. And when he rode out, he felt the hot sun burn him, in spite of his umbrella.

“The sun is mightier than I,” he thought; and he sighed, —

“Ah me! Ah me!
If Hofus only the sun might be!”

And the voice answered, —

“Be thou the sun!”

Straightway, the great sun he became. He burned the grass and the rice fields. He dried up the streams. Rich and poor alike suffered from the terrible heat.

One day, however, a cloud came and rested in front of him, and hid the earth from him. He was angry and cried out, —

“Ah me! Ah me!
If Hofus only a cloud might be!”

And the voice answered, —

“Be thou a cloud !”

Straightway, a cloud he became. He floated before the face of the sun ; he hid the earth from it.

Then, day after day, the cloud dropped rain. The rivers overflowed, and the rice fields were covered with water. Towns were swept away. Only the great rocks on the mountainside stood unmoved in the midst of the flood.

The cloud looked at them in wonder, and sighed, —

“Ah me ! Ah me !
If Hofus only a rock might be !”

And the voice answered, —

“Be thou a rock !”

Straightway, a rock he became. Proudly he stood. The sun could not burn him ; the rain could not move him.

“Now, at last,” he said to himself, “no one is mightier than I !”

But one day he was waked from his dreams



by a little noise—tap! tap! tap!—down at his feet. He looked, and there was a stone-cutter driving his tool into the rock! Another blow, and the great rock shivered; a block of the stone broke away.

“That man is mightier than I!” cried Hofus; and he sighed, —

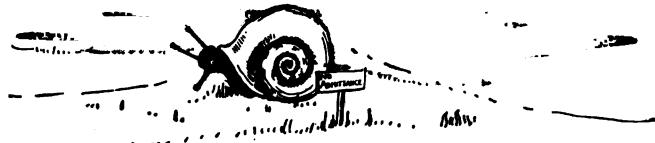
“Ah me! Ah me!
If Hofus only the man might be!”

And, for the last time, the voice answered, —

“Be thou the man!”

Straightway, Hofus was himself again! — a poor stone-cutter working all day on the mountainside, and going home at night to his little stone hut. But he was happy; and never again did he wish to be other than Hofus, the stone-cutter.

A Japanese Fairy Tale.

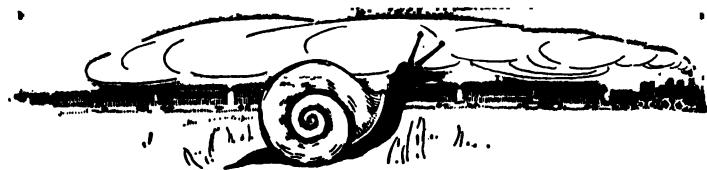


THE SNAIL

The Snail he lives in his hard round house,
In the orchard, under the tree.
Says he, "I have but a single room;
But it 's large enough for me."

The Snail in his little house doth dwell
From week's end to week's end.
You 're at home, Master Snail; that 's all very
well,
But you never receive a friend.

ANONYMOUS.



THE SNAIL'S DREAM

A snail who had a way, it seems,
Of dreaming very curious dreams
Once dreamed he was — you 'll never guess! —
The Lightning Limited Express.

OLIVER HERFORD.

A JAPANESE SONG

Put out your horns for a little, snail !
The rain falls soft, and the wind blows warm
And rustles the leaves of the bamboo grass.
Put out your horns, ere the showers pass,
For the rain falls soft, and the wind blows
warm.

Translated by CLARA A. WALSH.



THE BURNING OF THE RICE FIELDS

Far away in Japan, many years ago, lived good old Hamaguchi. He was the wisest and richest man of his village, and the people loved and honored him.

Hamaguchi was a farmer. His farmhouse stood on a hillside above the seashore. Down by the shore, and scattered up the hill, were the houses of his neighbors. Around his own house the ground was flat, like the top of a huge step in the hillside; and all about him stretched his rice fields.

It was the time of harvest. Hundreds of rice stacks dotted Hamaguchi's fields. There had been a fine crop; and, this evening, down in the village everyone was making merry.

Hamaguchi sat outside his house and looked down into the village. He would have liked to join the merrymakers, but he was too tired — the day had been very hot. So he stayed at home; and with him was his little grandson, Tada. They could see the flags and the paper

lanterns that hung, fluttering, across the streets of the village, and see the people gathering for the dance. The low sun lighted up all the moving bits of color.

It was still very hot, though a strong breeze had begun to blow in from the sea. Suddenly the hillside shook — just a little, as if a wave were rolling slowly under it. The house crackled and rocked gently a moment; then all became still again.

“An earthquake,” thought Hamaguchi, “but not very near; the worst of it is probably far away.”

Hamaguchi was not frightened; for he had felt the earth quake many a time before. Yet he looked anxiously toward the village. Then, suddenly, he rose to his feet and looked out at the sea. The sea was very dark; and, strange to say, it seemed to be running away from the land.

Soon all the village had noticed how the water was rolling out, and the people hurried down to the beach. Not one of them had ever seen such a thing before.

A moment, on the hillside, Hamaguchi stood and looked. Then he called,—

“Tada! — quick — very quick! Light me a torch!”

Tada ran into the house, picked up one of the pine torches that stood ready for use on stormy nights, lighted it, and ran back to his grandfather. The old man seized the torch and hurried to the rice fields; and Tada ran with him, wondering what he was going to do.

When they reached the first row of rice stacks, Hamaguchi ran along the row, touching the torch to each as he passed. The rice was dry, and the fire caught quickly; and the sea-breeze, blowing stronger, drove the flames ahead. Soon, row after row, the stacks caught fire; and flames and smoke towered up against the sky.

Tada ran after his grandfather, crying,—

“Grandfather, why? — why?”

Had his grandfather gone mad, that he was burning the rice that was their food and all their wealth? But Hamaguchi went on from stack to stack, till he reached the end of the

field. Then he threw down his torch and waited.

The bell-ringer in the temple on the hill saw the blaze and set the big bell booming. And, down on the beach, the people turned and began to climb the hill. If Hamaguchi's rice fields were afire, not the strangest sights of the shore should keep them from helping him.

First up the hill came some of the young men, and wanted to fight the fire at once. But Hamaguchi stood in front of the fields and held out his hands to stop them.

"Let it burn, lads," he commanded, — "let it burn."

The whole village was coming — men and boys, and women and girls; even mothers with babies on their backs, and even little children — for children could help pass buckets of water; and even the old men and women, coming very slowly, as best they could.

Still Hamaguchi stood in front of his burning fields and waited ; and meanwhile the sun went down.

The people began to question Tada. — What

had happened? Why would not his grandfather let them fight the fire? Was he mad?

"I don't know," sobbed Tada; for he was very frightened. "Grandfather set fire to the rice on purpose. I saw him do it!"

"Yes," cried Hamaguchi, "I set fire to the rice. Are all the people here?"

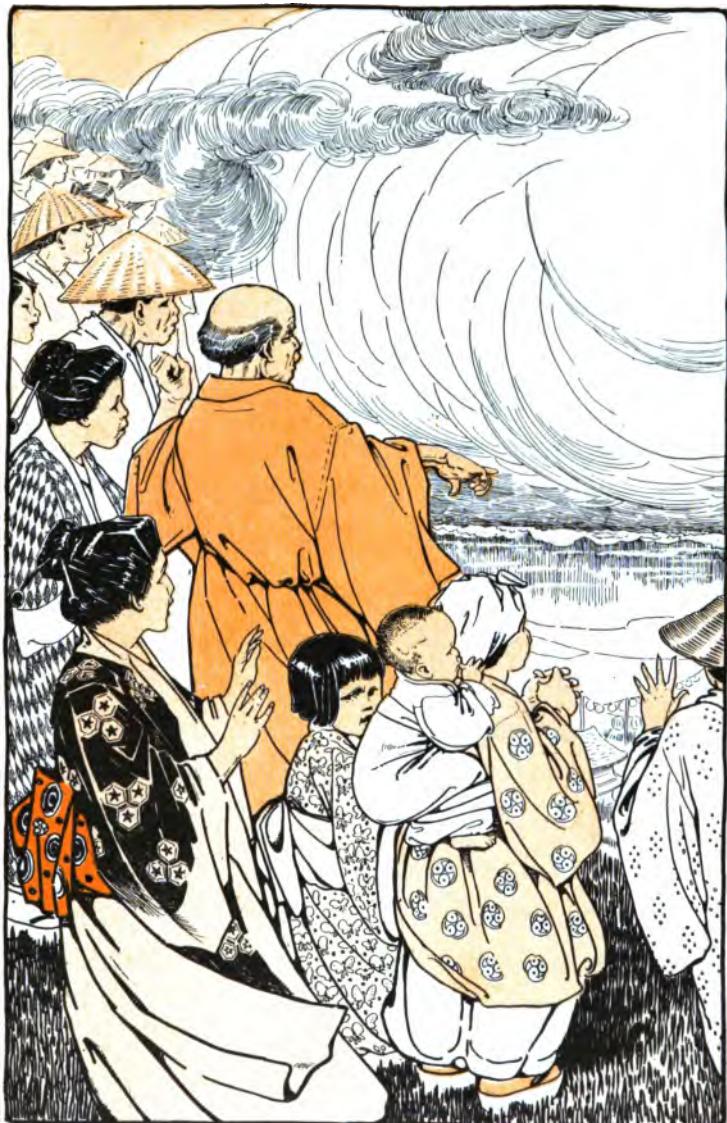
The men of the village looked about them and answered,—

"All are here; but we cannot understand—"

"Look!" shouted Hamaguchi, as loud as he could, pointing to the sea. "Look! and say now if I be mad!"

All turned and looked through the dim light, over the sea. Far, far out, where sea and sky seemed to meet, stretched a cloudy line that came nearer and nearer, and broadened out larger and larger. It was the sea coming back to the shore. It towered like a great wall of rock; it rolled more swiftly than a kite could fly.

"The sea!" shrieked the people; and hardly had they spoken, when the great waters struck the shore. The noise was louder than any thunder; the hillside shook; and a sheet of



“‘LOOK !’ SHOUTED HAMAGUCHI, POINTING TO THE SEA.”

foam was dashed up, even to where the people stood. When the sea went back, not a house remained below them on the hillside or along the shore ; the village had been swept away.

The people stood silent, too frightened to speak, until they heard Hamaguchi saying gently, —

“That was why I set fire to the rice. . . . My house still stands, and there is room for many. The temple on the hill still stands ; there is shelter there for the rest.”

Then the people woke, as if from a dream, and understood. Hamaguchi had made himself poor to save them, and they bowed their foreheads on the ground before him.

LAFCADIO HEARN. *Adapted.*

The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hand are the deep places of the earth : the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it ; and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down : let us kneel before the Lord our maker. — *Psalm XCIV, 9-6.*



HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

THE HOME OF HIAWATHA

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“ Hush ! the Naked Bear will hear thee ! ”
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“ Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !
Who is this, that lights the wigwam ?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?
Ewa-yea ! my little owlet ! ”

THE STARS

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

THE FIRE-FLY

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
“Minne-wawa!” said the pine-trees.
“Mudway-aushka!” said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
“Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!”

THE LADY IN THE MOON

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'T is her body that you see there."

THE RAINBOW

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
“What is that?” he cried in terror,
“What is that,” he said, “Nokomis?”
And the good Nokomis answered:
“That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other.”

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,



How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CORN STORY

THE PLANTING

Once upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village of Indians. The lodges were round and all covered with dirt, so

that they looked like huge earthenware pots turned upside down.

In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha. And with him lived Sha-ko-ka his wife, and his son, O-me-pah. Mah-ha hunted and fished, and brought home buffalo meat and deer meat, and fish from the river. Sha-ko-ka attended to the corn, with the other women of the village. Each woman had her patch of corn.

One day in the spring Sha-ko-ka went out to her corn patch. It was late in the spring, but it was not yet warm; for the Indian village lay far to the north, and warm weather came late there. Sha-ko-ka took with her a hoe made of the shoulder blade of the buffalo.

She walked along the narrow path between the lodges, and came to the gate of the village. Around the village was a wall of logs sticking up in the ground. Sha-ko-ka went out at the gate, and out upon the prairie, just outside the wall of logs. There were many other women there, each getting her patch of ground ready to plant with corn.

Sha-ko-ka went to the place where her patch

of ground was to be, and began to dig up the ground with her bone hoe.

Sha-ko-ka worked away for a long time ; and at last she had her patch of ground all hoed up. Then she put some fertilizer — perhaps a fish — in each hill ; and after that she was all ready to plant the corn.

The corn had been dried on the cobs ; and O-me-pah helped get the kernels off, just as you do with pop-corn. They were very small cobs, hardly longer than Sha-ko-ka's thumb ; and the kernels were hard and wrinkled.

When the kernels were all off the cobs, O-me-pah took some in a little bag and ran along and dropped four or five in each hill that Sha-ko-ka had made ready. And Sha-ko-ka came after and covered them up as fast as she could.

THE TESTING

The last hill of corn was planted ; and Sha-ko-ka and O-me-pah went away and left it all. And the sun shone and the rain fell upon that corn field, and on the ninth day little stiff leaves poked up through the ground. Each leaf was



"O-ME-PAH HELPED GET THE KERNELS OFF."

curled up tight, so that it looked like a tiny green spike sticking straight up. And, two or three days after that, the leaves of corn uncurled and began to wave in the wind ; but they were still very small.

The summer went on, and by and by the tassels came, and the silk of each ear; and the ears grew larger until, at last, they seemed to be as large as they would grow. Sha-ko-ka could tell only by feeling of them, for the women were not allowed to open a single ear of corn.

Then the medicine-men told several of the old women, who had patches of corn, to bring into the medicine lodge, at sunrise, two ears of corn apiece. The medicine-men wouldn't let the old women even peep through the husks to see how the corn was getting along. They wanted to husk the ears, themselves ; and they wanted the husks to be unbroken. So, every day just at sunrise, these old women came to the medicine lodge, bringing their ears of corn.

Every day the medicine-men took the corn.

They did n't say anything; but they nodded, and the women went away.

A pot of water was boiling over the fire-pit of the lodge, and the medicine-men made a little sacrifice of corn to the Great Spirit. Then they husked all the ears, and looked at them carefully, and felt of them, and put them into the boiling water. Then they all sat around for about twenty minutes or half an hour, while the corn was boiling.

By that time the corn was done enough, and they took it out of the water. As soon as it was cool enough, they tried eating it, each medicine-man taking a bite of each ear. The first day they thought it was much too young; but on the second day it was better, and on the third day it was almost right, and on the fourth day it was just right.

So the runners, or criers, were sent out. They went to every part of the village. They told the people that the Great Spirit had been good to them, and that they must all meet, on the next day, to return thanks for his goodness. They must all get ready for the corn feast.



THE FEAST

The next morning the people all came together at the place where the medicine-men were; and Sha-ko-ka and O-me-pah were there. Mah-ha was there, too, but not with his family.

When the people were all there, together, the medicine-men took a kettle half full of water, and hung it over a fire that was already burning; and they put into the kettle a great many ears of corn. This first kettleful of corn was a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, and this

sacrifice had to be made before anyone could eat a mouthful.

While the water was boiling, four medicine-men came out of the medicine lodge. Their bodies were painted with white clay, and each one of the four held a stalk of corn in one hand and a rattle in the other. They began to dance around the kettle, singing a song of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit, and shaking their rattles.

Then there came a great many warriors, each with a stalk of corn in his hand. And they began to dance, in a large circle, around the kettle and the four medicine-men ; and they joined in the song.

When the medicine-men thought that the corn was boiled enough, the dance was stopped for a few minutes, while they took the corn out of the hot water. Then the warriors began to dance again ; but they sang a different song, while the medicine-men were putting up a little platform of sticks, right over the fire, and were putting the corn upon the platform.

Then the medicine-men joined in the dance and the song. And the fire dried the corn ; and

the platform of little sticks began to burn ; and the corn began to burn ; and at last it burned all up to ashes, and the ashes fell into the fire.

Then the song stopped, and the dance stopped. And the medicine-men brushed the fire and the ashes away, and dug a hole in the ground where the fire had been. They put the fire and the ashes into the hole, and filled the hole with earth. Then they made ready to kindle a new fire on the same spot where the old fire had been.

This was hard work, for they did n't have any matches ; they did it in this way :—

Three men sat on the ground, facing one another and very close together. On the ground was a block of hard wood, with a hole started in it. One of the three men took a round stick of wood, about as big around as his thumb, and put the end of the stick, which was pointed, into the hole in the block. Then he put the other end of the stick against his chest; and he bore down very hard ; and he twirled the stick, very fast, back and forth between his hands. And one of the other men threw some fine

punk, or rotten wood, into the hole in the block, so that it covered the point of the stick.

In a little while, the man who was twirling the stick began to get tired. When he was so tired that he could n't twirl it fast, he gave a grunt, and the next man took it very quickly and began to twirl it so that it scarcely stopped.

When that second man was tired, the third man took the stick ; and so they did until a little fine curl of smoke began to rise from the punk. Then the man who was twirling the stick twirled it faster than ever, and a spark showed in the punk. The other two men began to blow that spark, and there was a great shout from the crowd ; and the man who had been twirling the stick dropped it, and they put other things on the spark, and there was a little blaze, and the fire was kindled.

On the fire which had been kindled in this way, they put another kettleful of corn. When that kettleful had been boiled enough, the medicine-men and the chiefs and the warriors sat down and ate it. And, after that, the rest of the tribe ate corn, as much as they liked.

They gave up their hunting and their war excursions and their games; and they just ate corn and ate corn, until they had eaten all they could.

The rest of the corn they left on the stalks in the field; and it grew ripe and hard. Sha-ko-ka put hers away. Some of it she kept for seed; but what was n't needed for seed she dried on the cob, to be eaten during the winter.

W. J. HOPKINS. *Adapted.*

SUMMER SUN

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

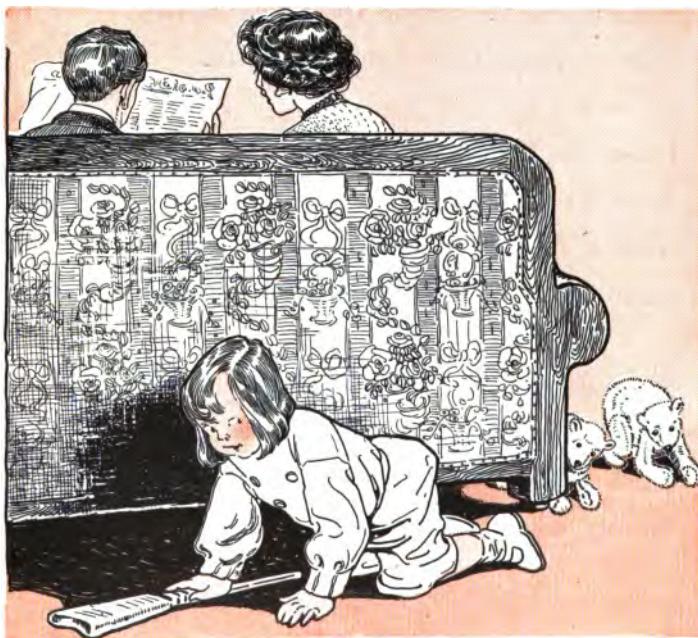
Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *Abridged.*

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit.
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,



And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, when none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes,
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WAS IT THE FIRST TURTLE?

Once upon a time there was a great fight between two tribes of Indians. It was so fierce that the river ran red with blood, and the warcries were so loud and angry that the animals of the forest ran away in terror.

The warriors fought all day long; and, when it began to grow dark, all the men on one side had been killed but two warriors, one of whom was known as Turtle. In those days there were no such animals as turtles in the ponds and rivers, and no one knew why he was called by that name.

At last Turtle's friend was struck by an arrow and fell to the ground.

"Now yield!" cried the enemies.

"Friend," said Turtle, "are you dead?"

"No," said his friend.

"Then I will fight on," said Turtle; and he called out,—

"Give life again to the warriors whom you have killed with your wicked arrows, and then

I will yield, but never before. Come on, cowards that you are! You are afraid of me. You do not dare to come!"

Then his enemies said, —

"We will all shoot our arrows at once, and some one of them will be sure to kill him."

They made ready to shoot; but Turtle, too, made ready. He had two thick shields, and he put one over his back and one over his breast. Then he called to his fierce enemies, —

"Are you not ready? Come on, fierce warriors! Shoot your arrows through my breast if you can!"

The warriors all shot. But not an arrow struck Turtle; for the two shields covered his breast and his back; and whenever an arrow buzzed through the air, he drew in his head and his arms between the shields; and so he was not harmed.

"Why do you not aim at me?" he cried. "Are you shooting at the mountain, or at the sun and the moon? Good fighters you are, indeed! Try again."

His enemies shot once more; and this time



an arrow killed the wounded friend, as he lay on the ground. When Turtle cried, "Friend, are you living?" there was no answer.

"My friend is dead," said Turtle. "I will fight no more."

"He has yielded!" cried his enemies.

"He has not!" said Turtle; and with one great leap he sprang into the river. His enemies did not dare to spring after him.

"Those long arms of his would pull us to the bottom," they said; "but we will watch till he comes up, and then we shall be sure of him."

They were not so sure as they thought, for he did not come up; and all that they could see in the water was a strange creature unlike anything that had been there before.

“It has arms and a head,” said one.

“And it pulls them out of sight, just as Turtle did,” said another.

“It has a shield over its back and one over its breast, as Turtle had,” said the first. Then all the warriors were so eager to watch the strange animal that they no longer remembered the fight. They crowded up to the shore of the river.

“It is not Turtle,” cried one.

“It *is* Turtle,” declared another.

“It is so like him that I do not care to go into the water so long as it is in sight,” said still another.

“But if this is not Turtle, where is he?” they all asked; and not one of the wise men of their tribe could answer.

An Indian Legend.
FLORENCE HOLBROOK.

THE SANDMAN

The rosy clouds float overhead,
The sun is going down,
And now the Sandman's gentle tread
Comes stealing through the town.



“White sand, white sand,” he softly cries,
And, as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on babies’ eyes
His gift of shining sand.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he
goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes,
And every child right well he knows—
Oh, he is very wise!
But if, as he goes through the land,
A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull gray sand
To close the wakeful eyes.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he
goes through the town.

So when you hear the Sandman's song
Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long
A-waiting in the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till by your bed when "good-night"'s said,
He strews the shining sands.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he
goes through the town.

MARGARET VANDENGRIFT. *Abridged.*

KING SOLOMON'S ANSWER

Solomon, king of Israel, lived in the days of the long ago. He was the richest king in all the world. But, better than that, he was the wisest king. No one could be found who could ask him a question he could not answer.

In another country, called Sheba, there lived a beautiful queen. One day the Queen of Sheba said, —

“I will go to see this wonderful King of Israel. I will ask him a question that he cannot answer.”

Then the camels were made ready. The Queen and her people traveled many days and rested many nights, and at last they came to the palace of King Solomon.

King Solomon welcomed the Queen of Sheba. The Queen gave King Solomon the beautiful gifts that she had brought for him. And the King of Israel gave the Queen gifts yet more beautiful than hers.

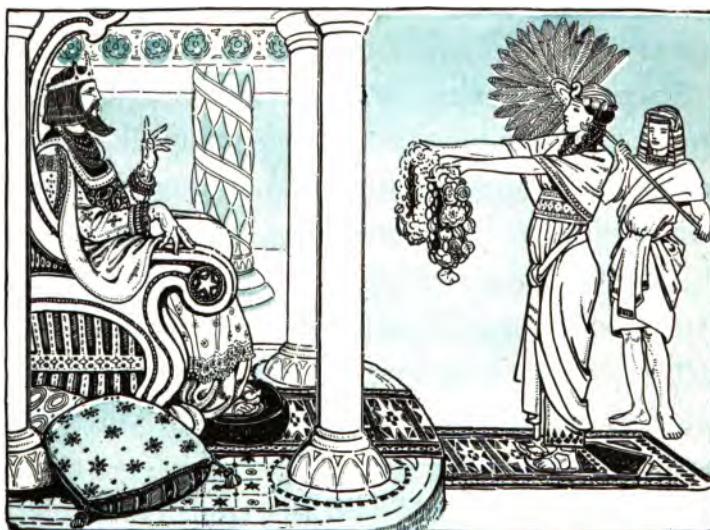
“I have come far,” said the Queen of Sheba,

"to ask the wise King of Israel a question."

The Queen held two wreaths before the King. One was made of flowers gathered that morning from the fields. The other was made of flowers that never grew—flowers that had been made by cunning workmen in the land of Sheba.

"Which is the real, and which is not?" asked the Queen.

King Solomon looked from one wreath to the other, and looked again, but made no answer. The Queen of Sheba smiled.



"I was told that the wise King of Israel could answer any question," she said. "Has he no answer for mine?"

"I will answer the question of the beautiful Queen," said King Solomon.

Then King Solomon asked that a window be opened. Some bees that were humming about a rose nodding at the window flew into the room. They flew to the real flowers in the hand of the Queen.

"The real wreath is in the right hand of the Queen," said King Solomon.

And this is the story of how the wise King of Israel found an answer to the question that the Queen of Sheba asked.

The Talmud.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one,

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE CRAB AND THE MOON

I

This is a story of the other side of the world.

Once upon a time, on the other side of the world, there lived — perhaps it was a crab. It looked like a crab; for it had a hard shell, and pinching claws, and goggling eyes. But it was larger than a hundred buffaloes. It lived in a great hole in the bottom of the sea; and twice a day it would crawl out, and swim up to the top of the water.

Now the sea-bottom belonged to the sea; and the sea was angry because the crab took up so much room. So, every day when the crab crawled out of its hole, the sea would go rushing in, drawing down her waters till she filled the hole. Then the people on the shores would say, —

“Look, how low the water is! The tide is going out.”

By and by, the crab would go back to its hole; and, as it crawled in, it would push out

the sea. And the sea would go out, swelling with anger, and pulling her waters up with her. Then the people on the shores would say, —

“Look, how high the water is! The tide is coming in.”

Now, as everyone knows, the sea and the moon are great friends. So, night after night, the sea would tell her troubles to the moon. Deep down in his hole in the bottom of the sea, the crab would lie listening. And very angry he would be — very angry with that meddling moon. Perhaps that is why he — but you shall judge for yourself. It happened in this way: —

II

One evening, on the shore of one of the beautiful islands that lie forever green in the sea, a princess was walking. Suddenly she noticed, far out in the sea, an island that surely had never been there before. Or was it an island? No, it was moving. It was coming toward the shore.

Even in the growing darkness she could watch it coming nearer and nearer, and spread-

ing out larger and larger. Surely, it was larger than a hundred buffaloes! And now it seemed a monster crab! Yes, surely, it was a monster crab!

She could see it plainly now; for the moon was rising, round and full, and sending her gentle light across the heaving waters. In the path of the moonbeams lay the crab. Its goggling eyes were dreadful to see; its mouth was opening fiercely; its claws were stretching and pinching eagerly.

The princess turned to run, and then stood still with horror! For the crab had turned suddenly. Facing the east, it had reared its huge form as if to spring at the moon and drag it out of the sky.

The princess's heart was beating fast. Could she save the moon! What should she do?

Far away, behind the tall palm trees, the warriors were feasting with dance and song. Would they hear her if she blew a signal on her horn? She placed her conch-shell horn at her lips and blew.

A breeze brought through the palm trees the

faint sound of a drum. No—that was still the music of the dance; the warriors had not heard.

Again she blew—blew with all her might; for, out on the troubled sea, that huge shape was



reaching up farther and farther, and stretching its claws against the circle of the moon.

This time no sound came through the trees. The warriors were listening!

Once more she blew. And now the warriors came running to the shore—knives, swords, and lances in their hands.

"Quick!" — the princess pointed toward the sea — "The moon! The moon! You must save the moon!"

Just then the crab leaped into the air. Right against the face of the moon it leaped! It stretched its fierce claws toward the moon's round rim, — stretched them eagerly, but did not reach it, — and fell back upon the shore.

Then the princess led the war cry, and the warriors rushed upon the crab with lance and sword and knife. Soon they had cut its great claws and broken its huge shell; and it lay helpless on the slippery sands.

But the moon was safe! She was rising higher and higher in the heavens and spreading her light over all the sea. And the sea was drawing quietly back from the shore. She was pulling her waters down and filling the great hole.

"This huge shell will make us many shields," said one of the warriors. "We must bear it back with us."

"Yes," said the princess, "but not now. We may safely leave it here on the sands till

dawn ; for see, how low the water is ! The tide is going out."

So runs the story. But the tides still rise, and fall again, on the shore of that beautiful island. Some say that the moon so loves the sea that, day after day, she draws her upward, toward herself. But, indeed, how this may be, only the wise ones know.

A PHILIPPINE FOLK TALE.

THE SEA

The Sea is a good friend of mine ;
For when I come along,
She makes her ripples dance for glee
And sings a splendid song.
Down close beside her I can watch
The silver sails unfurl,
And every rolling, tumbling wave
Upon the shore uncurl ; —
They make wide mirrors for the sky
And zig-zag ropes of sand,

To mark the farthest edges where
The water touches land.

At night the Moon a pathway makes
Across the spreading Sea ;
It must be for the Sea's mermaids
And small mermen, and me.
It leads straight from its skyward end
To ripples at my feet,
And sometime I perchance may trip
Along the golden street ;
I 'd like to visit with the Moon
And walk the Milky Way,
And linger with the little stars —
If the golden path would stay !

DUTCH LULLABY

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
“ Where are you going, and what do you wish ? ”
The old moon asked the three.

“ We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea ;
Nets of silver and gold have we ! ”

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea —
“ Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
Never afeard are we ” ;

So cried the stars to the fishermen three :
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home ;

'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 't was a dream they 'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea —
But I shall name you the fishermen three :
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed,
So shut your eyes while mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three :
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE SUNKEN CITY

On the Zuyder Zee, in the low country of Holland, there is a little fishing village called Stavoren.

Often the fishermen of Stavoren take visitors to sail on the Zuyder Zee. If the day is fine and clear, they say,—

“We may to-day be able to see the spires and turrets of the sunken city.” Then, when the winds lash the waves into foam, they say,—

“Hark! That must have been a pike or a herring swimming through a belfry.” And when you ask about the sunken city, the fishermen are glad to tell you its story.

THE CITY OF STAVOREN

The little village of Stavoren is named, they say, after a great city that stood long ago where now roll the waters of the Zuyder Zee. The old-time city of Stavoren had many noble palaces and a great market place with splendid

wharves and docks. Many of the people who lived in Stavoren were very wealthy. But, sad to say, many of them were very proud and selfish, too.

The very richest, proudest, and most selfish person in Stavoren was called "The Lady of Stavoren." She thought of nothing from morning till night but how she could add to her wealth. She never made clothes or knit stockings for the poor. She never made a pan of Dutch cookies or gingerbread boys for little children. She never so much as looked at the women in their snowy caps, who dropped curtsies to her from the doorways of their cottages.

This rich, proud, selfish woman was the owner of many vessels. Once she called to her the captain of the largest and swiftest and said,—

"Sail away, whither you will, and return with a cargo of the most precious and best of all earthly things."

"What is it to be?" asked the captain.

"It is for you to find a way to do my bidding," answered the Lady, proudly.

Now the captain was greatly puzzled ; and, even after he had smoked his pipe thoughtfully for a long time, he did not know what a cargo of the best of all earthly things should be.

“ I will go out on the street,” he said, “ and ask the first three persons I meet. Their answers may help me.”

THE THREE ANSWERS

The first person the captain met was a wealthy banker.

“ Gold ! ” he said promptly, in answer to the captain’s question. — “ Gold, to be sure.” Then the banker hurried off to his bank.

The second person the captain met was cousin to a prince.

“ Diamonds,” said he, “ are the most precious thing in the world. The prince, my cousin, says that they are much more valuable than gold.”

The third person the captain met was a priest, hurrying on an errand of mercy. The priest had no time to stand chatting, so the

captain had to hurry along by his side to hear his answer.

“Wheat,” said the priest, “of course! Wheat is the staff of life. It is more precious far than gold or gems.”

THE VOYAGE

While the captain was talking with the priest, a messenger came from the Lady, bidding him lift anchor and sail at once. And soon the vessel swept out of the harbor.

When the ship reached the open sea, the captain called his officers and crew together.

“My men,” he said, “we are to sail to the land where the very best wheat is grown. We will fill the hold with the golden staff of life.”

All the time that the vessel was sailing, the Lady of Stavoren was telling her friends of the precious cargo to come to her. She would not tell them what the cargo was to be. To all their questions she would answer,—

“The most precious thing in the world. You will see.”



THE RETURN

All the people in Stavoren, rich and poor, were watching eagerly for the vessel. At last, one day, word went from lip to lip, —

“The Lady’s vessel is coming! The Lady’s vessel is coming!”

The Lady and her friends went quickly to the harbor. They were followed by the whole town. The fishermen left their nets; the cobblers and the tailors closed their shops; the women dropped their knitting and picked up their babies; and the little children went run-

ning along after the big folks. Clump! clump! went the wooden shoes, as loud as if a whole army were marching.

On came the vessel with her colors flying! When at last she came to anchor, and the smiling captain sprang down the gang plank, a great shout went up from the people.

“What have you brought me?” asked the Lady.

“The best wheat that the sun ever shone upon!” answered the captain proudly.

“Pitch it overboard!” cried the Lady angrily.

In vain the captain told how fine the wheat was. In vain the officers told how far they had sailed to get it. In vain the poor begged that it be given to them.

“Pitch it overboard!” repeated the Lady. “It is mine, and I will do with it as I please.” And she stood on the deck till the last bushel sank under the water. Then the people cried,—

“You will be punished for this! The day will come when you will wish for even a few handfuls of this wheat!”

At that the Lady drew from her hand a costly ring and, throwing it after the wheat, cried scornfully,—

“ When this ring is returned to me, I will look for the punishment.”

THE FLOOD

Strange to say, the very next day after the wheat had been thrown into the water, a cook in the Lady’s palace found her ring in a fish he was preparing; and he at once returned the ring to the Lady. The Lady, remembering her words, grew very pale.

The punishment came quickly. Misfortunes followed one another, till the Lady was without warehouses or vessels or palace. She was a beggar; and, as she went about the streets asking for bread, she thought longingly of the cargo of wheat beneath the waters of the harbor.

As we have said, there were other rich people in Stavoren, proud and selfish, too. But they did not take warning from the Lady’s fate.

The rich of Stavoren grew richer, and the poor grew poorer.

By and by, sailors complained that a sand bar was forming in the harbor. It grew rapidly, and soon rose above the waters. Then it was quickly covered with a green growth, which looked like wheat, but bore no fruit. "The Lady's Sand," the people called the sand bar; for, they declared, all the wheat that had been thrown into the sea had caused it.

As no vessels could pass the sand bar, many people were thrown out of work. They begged the rich people of the town to have the sand bar dug away. But the rich of Stavoren would not listen.

Then something else happened. A little leak was discovered in the dike. Through this, the water from the sea found its way into the city reservoir. The poor people complained that the water was so salty that they could not drink it. But the rich would not listen. They did not care for water to drink; they would drink wine.

Then, one night, suddenly the sea broke down

the dike, and the water poured over Stavoren. In the morning not a chimney nor a tower could be seen. Water was rolling as far as the eye could reach. It made a large bay; and later this bay came to be known as the Zuyder Zee.

TO-DAY IN STAVOREN

I know two little Dutch maidens who often sit by their father on the end of a wharf in Stavoren. While he smokes his pipe and throws his line, they talk of the Sunken City.

"How I wish," says one, "that the Zuyder Zee could be drained. Then there would be more land for Holland. And you and I would walk about in the Sunken City. We would go into the houses and the shops. We might find great treasure."

"I would rather," answers her sister, "have the waters of the Zuyder Zee to go sailing on, in the boat with Father. And I like to think of the mermaids swimming around in the streets, and the fishes ringing the bells in the belfries." Then she begins to sing this song:—

“There lies an olden city
Beneath the Zuyder Zee;
And when the waves are rolling,
And winds blow fresh and free,
A bell-buoy rings its ding-dong !
With every ebb and swell,
And the fishes swim to a belfry
And ring an echo bell.”

And so merrily does the little maiden sing,
while she keeps time with her wooden shoes,
that her father says,—

“Hush, child, or you will frighten the fish !”

A Dutch Legend.





THE QUEST

There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy,
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,

Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I 'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I 'll come for thee.
I 'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we 'll haste away
From this little brown house,

This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.

He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

THE ANIMAL PICNIC

The children had a picnic in the pine grove at Pleasure Pond. They supposed they were far away from everybody. They did not know that bright eyes watched them all the time. Yet it was true. In the trees and the bushes and the grass were the bright eyes of the wood creatures watching.

Now, the very day after the picnic, the wood creatures said to one another, "Let us have a picnic."

"Who shall go?" asked the Hoot Owl.
"Who, who?"

"Gr-r-r-reat and small, gr-r-r-reat and small," growled the Grizzly Bear.

"Meet at the Black Oak," said the White Rabbit, pointing his long ears toward the tree.
"Be there at sunrise. Bring your lunch."

The Red Fox licked his lips and smiled slyly, and looked out of the corners of his eyes at some fat little field mice, who shivered with fear. But the White Rabbit raised his ears

still higher and pointed them straight at the fox and said,—

“Each animal brings his own lunch, and *no meat is allowed!*”

Then the Red Fox rolled his eyes toward a pink toadstool, as if all he had ever thought of eating were dainty little toadstools or early buds or juicy leaves.

Next morning the sun had only just begun to waken and yawn and stretch his long rays up over the edge of the world, when there was a rustle and a bustle all through the wood. There was the crash and tramp of the big wood animals—the Grizzly Bear and the Lone Deer. There was the hurry and scurry of the smaller wood animals—the rabbits and the squirrels and the moles and the mice. There was the fluttering and whirring of the wood birds. There was the buzzing and humming of the insects. All the wood paths and sky paths leading to the Black Oak were filled with these noises, as one by one the wood creatures met there to go to the picnic.

The White Rabbit stood at the foot of the

tree and pointed with his long ears to each animal and bird as he arrived. He saw every one. A snarl and a hiss told him that the Wild Cat was up in the branches of the Black Oak. Last of all he pointed to a dark place behind the tree. There sat the smiling Red Fox. No one had seen him come, he crept up so quietly.

In the meantime the sun had been yawning and stretching his rays higher and higher, till he must have been quite wakened by the rustle and bustle; for he poked his round yellow face up over the edge of the world and saw the gathering at the Black Oak. This was the signal to leave, and the party started for the picnic grounds. The Grizzly Bear went ahead, to break a way through the underbrush. The White Rabbit went behind, to watch the whole company, and see that no one disobeyed the order, "*No meat allowed!*"

Such a sight as it was! The sun blinked and winked and poked his head up higher to see. There was the Black Bear carrying under his arms a pot of honey. The Wild Cat would not walk in the procession. She took an over-

head path, and sprang from tree to tree. About her neck was fastened a bunch of catnip. Just as she had left a tree, it would be filled with a flock of birds, twittering and calling, and each



bird had hung upon one wing a small basket of seeds. The squirrels ran along the ground part of the way and every now and then climbed a tree hill and ran down the other side. Their cheeks stuck out, for they carried lunches of nuts in them. The deer had some branches of juicy young leaf buds in his horns. Each rabbit had a few leaves of lettuce. The bees carried bee-bread in their trousers' pockets.

The Red Fox stepped along in full sight of

all, holding up his tail daintily. In his paw was a basket of pink and white toadstools. He smiled sweetly as if to say, "I would never hurt a fly! I could not bear to taste anything stronger than delicate pink and white toadstools." But every once in a while he looked out of the corner of his eyes at the fat little field mice, and they shivered.

When the picnic ground was reached, the White Rabbit appointed the Hoot Owl to sit on a tree near the baskets of lunch and guard them. It was about all the Hoot Owl could do at a picnic by day, for then he was almost blind. He had begged for a night picnic, but all the other creatures except the Whip-poor-will had voted against it.

So the Hoot Owl guarded the lunch; and if he heard any creature coming near, he would say "Who, who?" in such a terrible voice that the creature would slink away quickly.

At the pond were more picnic-ers, who did not meet the rest at the Black Oak, because they could not breathe long out of the water. They kept their lunches fresh under water, and

took charge of the water sports. The muskrats took parties out in row boats. The Electric Eel ran a motor boat. The water crabs let a spring board for ten cents a dive. The fishes had swimming matches with wreaths of eel-grass for prizes. The Yellow Pickerel and the Black Bass won the prizes, and all the wild animals stood in a row on the shore while they leaped out of the water to show the beautiful wreaths of eel-grass on their heads.

The White Rabbit had charge of the games for the other animals. They played "London Bridge Is Falling Down." The Black Bear and the Lone Deer made the bridge, because they were the tallest. The Red Fox begged to be one side of the bridge, but the field mice shivered and said they would not play if he was.

They all played hide-and-seek. The trees were splendid places to hide behind; but when the Red Fox was "it," the field mice went for a ride in the Electric Eel's motor boat. Then they all played ring toss on the Lone Deer's horns. The rings were made out of willow twigs with the green leaves on them. The

Lone Deer stood very straight and still while the rings were being tossed. After the White Rabbit had tossed, all the animals clapped; for every ring had caught on a horn, and the Lone Deer looked like a willow-tree.

The birds had flying matches, and the other animals sat in a row while they gave a little concert. Nobody cared to go boat-riding then; so the muskrats leaned on their oars, and the Electric Eel shut off the power in his motor boat, and there was a line of little fishes sticking their heads out of the water to listen.

After the songs an orchestra played. The Partridge drummed, the Woodpecker beat his kettle-drum, the Wood Thrush was first violin, the Locust played the fife, the peepers in the band played the flute, and the Bullfrog the big bass horn.

At last came lunch. The Chewink called them all together by singing, “Drink-your-te-e-e-ea!”

“Nobody-br-r-r-ought-tea!” growled the Grizzly Bear.

A squeaky voice cried, “Katy did!” but an-

other squeaky voice answered, "Katy did n't!" And they kept up the quarrel, crying, "Katy did!" and "Katy did n't!" till every one was nervous; for no one knew Katy anyway, or cared whether or not she brought tea. Then another



voice broke in and cried, "Whip-poor-will," as if Will were making all the trouble; and nobody knew who Will was. In the midst of all the noise another bird voice cried, "Witch-it-is, Witch-it-is!" And all the birds and animals thought that probably it was the wood witch, so they pounced upon their lunches and set to work eating.

Well it was that they did ; for the Red Fox had drawn very, very near to the field mice, who were shivering. But when the White Rabbit pointed his ears at him, the Red Fox was just lifting a dainty pink toadstool to his smiling mouth !

It was odd to see the squirrels crack their nuts. The Black Bear had very bad table manners. He just dipped his paws into the jar of honey and then licked them off. The Bee looked like a small boy, taking pieces of bee-bread out of his trousers' pocket.

After dinner everybody wanted to go to sleep ; for the sun was high in the sky, and they were tired. Everybody wanted to, but nobody dared — except the Red Fox, who was already curled up with his eyes shut. But the field mice could have told you that he was not really asleep. The only wide-awake ones were the squirrels ; and they were bothering all the rest with their *chitter, chatter, chitter, chatter, chitter, chatter*.

So the White Rabbit stood very straight, with his ears pointed, and cried, —

“The picnic is over! To your homes, good people!”

And the next minute there was not an animal or a bird or an insect or a fish in sight, except a lazy bumble bee, who was humming on his way home.

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON.

THE RIVULET

Run, little rivulet, run !

Summer is fairly begun.

Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall
shines ;

Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !

Stay not till summer is done !

Carry the city the mountain-birds' glee ;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea ;

Run, little rivulet, run !

LUCY LARCOM. *Abridged.*

THE CROW

I

The crow has fine manners. He always has the walk and air of a lord of the soil.

One morning I put out some fresh meat upon the snow near my study window. Soon a crow came and carried it off, and alighted with it upon the ground.

While he was eating of it, another crow came and, alighting a few yards away, slowly walked up to within a few feet of this fellow and stopped.

I expected to see a struggle over the food. Nothing of the kind happened, however. The feeding crow stopped eating, looked at the other for a moment, made a gesture or two, and flew away. Then the second crow went up to the food and began to eat. Soon the first crow came back, and then each of the crows seized a portion of the food and flew away with it. Their respect and good will for each other seemed perfect.

II

The crow will quickly discover anything that looks like a trap or snare set to catch him, but it takes him a long time to decide whether it is a snare or not.

I sometimes place meat for the crows on the snow in front of my study window. There were two crows that came to expect something there every day. Once, however, I hung a piece of meat by a string from a branch of the tree, just over the spot where I usually placed the food. A crow soon discovered it, and came into the tree to see what it meant. He felt sure that the meat was a trap to catch him.

He looked at it from every near branch. He peeked and pried. He flew to the ground, and walked about and looked at it from all sides.

Then he took a long walk, going away as if in hope of hitting upon some clew. Then he came to the tree again and tried first one eye, then the other, upon it; then he looked at the ground; then he went away and came back; then his fellow came, and they both squinted and looked at it, and then disappeared.



Chickadees and woodpeckers would alight upon the meat and peck it swinging in the wind, but the crows were afraid.

Two days passed thus: every morning the two crows came and looked at the meat from all points in the tree, and then went away.

The third day I placed a large bone on the snow beneath the meat. Soon one of the crows appeared in the tree, and bent his eye upon the tempting bone. But, after looking at it for half an hour, and after coming several times within a few feet of it on the ground, he seemed

to think that there was no connection between it and the piece of meat hanging by the string.

So, finally, he walked up to it and fell to pecking it, flickering his wings all the time as a sign of his watchfulness. And, every little while, he would turn up his eye to the piece of meat in the air above.

Soon the other crow came and alighted on a low branch of the tree. The feeding crow looked up at him a moment, and then flew up to his side, as if to give him a turn at the bone. But the second crow refused to run the risk. He soon went away, and his friend followed him.

Then I placed the bone in one of the main forks of the tree, but the crows kept at a safe distance from it. Then I put it back on the ground, but they grew more and more afraid of it.

Finally, a dog carried off the bone, and the crows stopped visiting the tree.

JOHN BURROUGHS. *Adapted.*

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

I

There was once a splendid castle in a forest. It had great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose above the tallest trees.

The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it. But in the castle lived a company of knights, who were kept there by the king, to help travelers passing through the forest and to fight the giants.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear; while over his helmet floated a long red plume that could be seen far off by anyone in distress. But the most wonderful thing about the knights' armor was their shields. They had been made by a great magician.

These shields were of silver. Every new shield, when it was first given to a young knight, was cloudy. But as the knight conquered giants or helped poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter.

If, however, he let the giants get the better of him, or did not care what became of the travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When a knight had fought a particularly hard battle and won it, or had done some hard errand for the lord of the castle, then, in the center of his shield there would shine a golden star. This was the greatest honor that a knight could win. It seldom happened until a knight was old and tried. When it did happen, the other knights would say that such a one had "won his star."

There came a time when the worst of the giants gathered together against the knights. All the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred; and the air was filled with the noise of armor being made ready for use.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was most eager for battle. Though he was young, his shield shone enough to show that already he had done

bravely. And now he hoped that, in the coming battle, he would be put in the most dangerous place of all, so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

On the morning when they were to go forth to battle, all the knights gathered in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their lord. The lord of the castle went about, in full armor, speaking to each. When he came to Sir Roland, he said,—

“One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle; and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, that I have chosen for this.”

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip to keep back the angry words, and closed his helmet over his face so that the other knights might not see how he felt. But he said nothing and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate.

All around the castle was a deep ditch, or moat, filled with water. And the only way to enter the castle was over a narrow bridge that crossed the moat and led to the narrow gate.

If an enemy were seen coming toward the castle, the bridge was pulled up on end against the castle wall, so that no one could cross the moat. It was here at the gateway, at the end of the bridge, that Sir Roland took his stand.

Soon all the other knights marched out— their armor flashing, their red plumes waving, their long spears in their hands. Sir Roland looked after them until the last red plume had disappeared in the shadows of the forest.

II

It was a long time before anything happened at the gate. But at last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

“I have been hurt,” he said, “so that I cannot fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place.”

At first Sir Roland’s heart leaped with joy;

but then he remembered what the lord of the castle had said. So he answered,—

“ I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his lord has placed him. My place is here at the gate; and I can let no one in, not even you. Your place is at the battle.”

The knight was ashamed when he heard this. He stood thinking for a moment, then turned about and went into the forest again.

An hour passed. Then there came an old beggar woman down the path to the castle. She asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food.

Sir Roland told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would have food sent out to her.

“ I have been in the forest where the battle is going on,” said the old woman, while she was waiting for the food.

“ And how is it going ? ” asked Sir Roland.

“ Badly for the knights, I am afraid,” said the old woman. “ The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go help your friends.”

"I should like to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I am set to guard the gateway of the castle, and cannot leave."

"One fresh knight there would make a great difference," said the old woman. "But I suppose that you are one of the knights that like to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed mockingly.

Sir Roland was very angry. But as she was an old woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together. And when the porter came with the food, he gave it to her and shut the gate.

It was not long before he heard some one calling outside. He opened the gate and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak.

"Why are you calling here?" said Sir Roland. "The castle is closed to-day."

"Are you Sir Roland?" asked the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your lord and his knights are fighting so hard



“‘THIS IS THE SWORD OF ALL SWORDS,’ HE SAID.”

with the giants. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword. It flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds.

"This is the sword of all swords," he said. "It is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the gate and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it, the giants will fall back. Your lord will be saved, and you will be the victor."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was speaking to him. The sword seemed so wonderful that he reached out his hand, as if to take it; and, as he did so, the little old man came forward, as if to cross the bridge.

But just then Sir Roland remembered again that he had been set to guard the gate; and he called out "No!"—so loud that the old man stopped suddenly. But the old man waved the sword again and cried,—

"It is for you! Take it and win!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that, if he looked

any longer at the sword, he would not be able to stay by the gate. So he struck the great bell at the gateway ; and, at the signal, the porters inside the gate pulled the great chains of the drawbridge ; and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

Then, as Sir Roland looked across the moat, he saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak. And, as he did so, he began to grow bigger and bigger ; and in a minute more he was a giant, as tall as any in the forest.

Then Sir Roland knew that this was really one of the giants, and that he had come to try to enter the castle while the knights were away. Sir Roland thought what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. No, he would not open the gate again until his lord should come.

III

It was not long before Sir Roland heard a sound that made him start with joy. It was

the bugle of his lord, and the bugles of the knights that were with him. They were sounding so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure that they had won the fight. So he gave the signal to let down the drawbridge, and went out to meet them.

They were dusty and wounded and weary, but they had won a great victory. Sir Roland greeted them all, as they passed in over the bridge. And when he had closed the gate and fastened it, he followed them into the castle hall.

The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him; and Sir Roland came forward to give up the key of the gate and to give an account of what he had done that day. But just as he began to speak, one of the knights cried out,—

“The shield ! The shield ! Sir Roland’s shield !”

Everyone turned and looked at the shield, which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. And there, shining in its center, was the golden star of knighthood.

Sir Roland himself could see only the top of the shield, and did not know what the knights could mean.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the lord of the castle. "Tell us all that happened at the gate to-day. Were you attacked? Did any giants come? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away when he found he could not enter." Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield to make sure that they had really seen the star. But there the golden star was still shining.

After a moment, the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all to-day."

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN. *Adapted.*

DEPARTMENT OF
EDUCATION

FEB 13 1912

LIBRARY - NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY



VACATION SONG

When study and school are over,
How jolly it is to be free,
Away in the fields of clover,
The honey-sweet haunts of the bee !

Away in the woods to ramble,
Where merrily all day long
The birds in the bush and bramble
Are filling the summer with song.

Away in the dewy valley
To follow the murmuring brook,
Or sit on its bank and dally
Awhile with a line and a hook.

Away from the stir and bustle,
The noise of the town left behind :
Vacation for sport and muscle,
The winter for study and mind.

There's never a need to worry,
There's never a lesson to learn,
There's never a bell to hurry,
There's never a duty to spurn.

So play till the face grows ruddy
And muscles grow bigger, and then
Go back to the books and study ;
We'll find it as pleasant again.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



VOCABULARY

The following words, selected as the most difficult in the Third Reader, are given by page number, in the order in which they first occur, and, for convenience in preparatory drill, are grouped by selections.

12 vis' it ors	30 plod' ding	no' ticed
bas' ket fuls	wig' gly	41 un grate' ful
13 shoe' mak er	32 stu' pid ly	mer' cy
elves	wrig' gled	42 re ceived'
14 e nough'	33 slop' ing	43 prince
15 quilt	plat' form	hand' som est
	quar' ter	witch
19 dor' mouse	traced	44 globe
20 top' pled	34 de cid' ed	graze
21 la ment' ed	sau' cy	sur' face
um brel' las		rough
in vent' ed	37 mill' ion	pierce
	di' a monds	o' cean
hedge' hog	maid' ens	gleams
22 neigh' bors	jew' els	des' ert
23 fur' row	out-	spar' kles
24 ex act' ly	stretched'	46 drift
swift' ly		feath' er y
	38 treas' ures	
26 pre co' cious	mer' chant	47 whirls
27 bar' ber	daugh' ters	thou' sands
who ev' er	re port' ed	cliffs
28 par' tridge	39 har' bor	
er' rand	car' go	48 chim' ney-
lunch' eons	40 glim' mer	pots
	surprise'	lev' el

50	plough' ing fuss' y po lite' ly	61	thanks giv'- ing psalm	sighed
52	greed' y a greed'		pres' ence en dur' eth	76 Da brun' ka Ka tren' ka
54	blan' ket plu' my pa' tient		faith' ful ness gen er a'- tions	81 frowned cheer' ful 82 o ver flow'- ing
55	peas' ant Sic' i ly up' right roy' al spe' cial con di' tion cour' tiers jeal' ous ma' jes ty	62	guards cush' ion 63 pause seize	83 dew'-span'- gled 84 tink' ling foun' tain en tan' gled
56	risk wa' ger year' ling	64	ad mits' gran' a ry swarm lo' custs	86 pro tect' a-lack'-a- day' re gret'
57	cus' tom	65	in ter rupt'- ing o bey'	plight
58	sire frisks du' ty griev' ous	66	ghost an' cient	87 cru' el ly sud' den ly
59	stern' ly de light' hon' or	67	gip' sy hi' ther hov' er ing ap pear'	88 wor' thy me thinks' de part' ed
	id' ly		whish	89 un luck' y crea' ture pit' y ing
60	has' ten ing be yond'	68	fra' grant	90 the' a ter
		70	ques' tions per' fect	A the' ni an
		71	ca ress'	heav' i ly
		72	fin' ished	91 Spar' tan

ea' ger		mad' dened	hoist' ed
beck' oned		group	trudged
a shamed'		gir' dle	driz' zling
	103	con ceal'	hoarse
93 suf' fer		trust' wor-	wheez' y
dis tress'		thy	com' fort a-
94 spraw' ling		na' tion	ble
strug' gling		hol' i day	sup ply'
		pres' i dent	ru' ined
95 cit' i zen			119 sprin' kled
mag' is trate	104	se cure'	de ny'
96 here'-a-bouts		glo' ri fied	cup' board
of' fice		fi' fers	sat' is fied
con tained'		shril' ly	121 se' ri ous
97 coin	105	sa lute'	en joy' ing
de scribes'		106 suit' ors	in' ter est ed
98 naught		awk' ward	at ten' tion
straight' way		107 al lowed'	122 i' vo ry
si' lence		kitch' en	123 ves' ture
	108	splen' did	la' bored
99 tee' tered		will' ing ly	124 up turn'
sor' rel		grudge	fronds
plunge	109	pro ces' sion	re joice'
100 vi' cious		an' gri ly	thun' der ing
man' age	110	wheth' er	
Vir gin' i a		111 la' dle	
sur round'		113 drouth	126 tran' quil
gal' loped		de pends'	stirred
suc ceed' ed		115 jour' ney	stead' i ly
101 nerve		prop' er ly	thrilled
pranc' ing		oil'-cloth	
di rec' tion		o bliged'	127 or' phan
thor' ough ly			be haved'
102 scream' ing			

128	in tro duce'	taw' ny	might' i er
129	through out'		161 shiv' ered
130	re peat' ed	144 god'moth ers	
131	chirped	145 glit' tered	163 cu' ri ous
	jol' ly	wrin' kled	lim' it ed
132	crick' et	hob' bled	
	perched	146 cur' tain	164 Ham a gu'-
133	pres' ents	won' drous	chi
	nev' er-the- less'	147 wis' dom	huge
		148 spin' dle	165 crack' led
		dis' taff	anx' ious ly
135	flick' ers	149 af fairs'	168 pur' pose
		150 swoon	broad' ened
136	in vi ta' tion	mut' tered	shrieked
	bar' be cue	151 bram' bles	169 re mained'
	u' su al	be witched'	
	rest' less	152 spurred	171 Git' che
137	pleas' ure	153 scul' lion	Gu' mee
	goo' bers	min' is ter	172 E wa-yea'
	judge	155 pre par' ing	Ish' koo dah
	prong	dis ap-	war' ri ors
139	con ver sa'- tion	peared'	173 Min' ne-wa'-
	whiff	sur round' ed	wa
	sea' soned	156 coz' i ly	Mud' way-
	gib' lets		aush' ka
140	de clared'	157 Ho' fus	Wah' wah-
	per sim' mon	build' ers	tay' see
141	rea' son	spir' it	176 Mis sou' ri
	mo' tions	158 car' riage	lodg' es
142	fa' mous	159 ter' ri ble	earth' en-
	rol' lick ing	160 o ver flowed'	ware
143	coax' es	moun' tain-	177 Mah'-ha
		side	Sha-ko'-ka

O-me'-pah prai' rie	reared conch'-shell	217 bell'-buoy
178 fer' til i zer	202 lan' ces	218 quest
180 med' i cine	204 mir' rors	219 cost' li est
181 sa' cri fice	205 mer' maids	wist' ful
184 twirled	per chance'	quoth
185 scarce' ly		
186 ex cur' sions		220 growled
re pose'	crys' tal	griz' zly
	206 her' ring	point' ing
	a feared'	221 dain' ty
188 sol' i tudes	207 trun' dle-bed	bus' tle
scout		scur' ry
prowled	208 Zuy' der Zee	ar rived'
	Stav or' en	mean' time
189 ter' ror	Hol' land	sig' nal
yield	tur' rets	un' der brush
en' e mies	bel' fry	dis o beyed'
190 cow' ards	209 wharves	223 twit' ter ing
shields	pre' cious	224 del' i cate
	210 puz' zled	ap point' ed
194 naugh' ty	prompt' ly	pic' nic ers
	val' u a ble	225 musk' rats
195 Is' ra el	priest	e lec' tric
She' ba	211 mes' sen ger	mo' tor
196 wreaths	an' chor	pick' er el
	214 scorn' ful ly	or' ches tra
199 gog' gling	pun' ish-	ket' tle-drum
200 med' dling	ment	che wink'
201 buf' fa loes	mis for'-	squeak' y
mon' ster	tunes	227 quar' rel
heav' ing	ware' hous es	nerv' ous
ea' ger ly	215 com plained'	prob' a bly
hor' ror	res' er voir	pounced

VOCABULARY

229	ri'v u let hymn	watch' ful- ness re fused' 'dis' tance	238	beg' gar dif' fer ence ex cuse' mock' ing ly draw' bridge	
230	a light' ed ex pect' ed mo' ment ges' ture por' tion re spect'	234	dan' ger ous ar' mor spear hel' met dis tress' ma gi' cian con' quered	241	i' dling 243 bu' gle ac count' knight' hood 244 at tacked' fin' ished
231	dis cov' er pried clew squint' ed	235	par tic' u- lar ly sel' dom worst	245	haunts ram' ble dal' ly 246 va ca' tion
232	chick' a dees tempt' ing sev' er al	236	du' ties moat		mus' cle spurn rud' dy
233	con nec' tion fi' nal ly flick' er ing	237	en' e my		



SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

THE Riverside Third Reader gives a selection of stories well adapted to this grade, of which intrinsic worth as literature and interest to children are predominant characteristics. Throughout the book there will be found selections of verse and prose specially intended to bring the child into a consciousness of the extent and beauty of the world in which he lives ; they will give him pictures of life in foreign lands and a sympathetic interpretation of the natural forces and elements that are beginning to excite his wonder. This material will serve a two-fold purpose : it will extend the mental environment of the child and will prepare for the study of geography.

THE TEACHING OF PHONICS

Phonics now should not only be related to the reading lesson, but be daily taught as a preparation for it. If, however, more drill is necessary, separate recitation and seat periods are admissible.

During the third year's work the pupil's knowledge of syllabication and accent should be constantly applied. In preparing all reading lessons divide both new and difficult words into syllables, and, if necessary, place the accent mark. For many children these aids are sufficient, but for others the phonetic development of syllables also is needed. For further information concerning syllabication and accent, consult Webster's New International Dictionary, pages lix and xliv.

Drills should continue to be varied and frequent. They may aim, on the one hand, at the mastery of unknown words or the correct pronunciation of difficult ones; and, on the other hand, at the better grasp of phonetic elements or the development, but not formulation, of phonetic laws. For convenience and suggestion see "Table of Phonograms and Consonant Sounds Classified for Drill," on the opposite page.

As the result of the work, pupils should, during the third school year, recognize and use the eighty-two phonograms and fifty-five consonant sounds taught in the Third Reader and in the previous books of the series; they should be increasingly self-helpful in mastering the vocabulary of this book and of supplementary readers of similar grade; and they should enunciate distinctly in all oral language.

TABLE OF PHONOGRAMS AND CONSONANT SOUNDS

(To be taught in connection with the Third Reader)

The number in each case refers to a page in connection with which the phonic element may be effectively presented.

PHONOGRAMS		KEYWORDS	CONSONANT SOUNDS		KEYWORDS
<i>on</i>	12	wonder	<i>ng</i>	14	long
<i>ue</i>	15	blue	<i>ci</i>	20	gracious
<i>id</i>	18	hid	<i>y</i>	24	ready
<i>eat</i>	22	eat	<i>x</i>	24	exact
<i>ir</i>	22	sir	<i>ce</i>	45	ocean
<i>or</i>	59	honor	<i>ch</i>	46	child
<i>ace</i>	66	place	<i>ti</i>	54	patient
<i>ey</i>	71	they	<i>sp</i>	68	spare
<i>oy</i>	74	boy	<i>pl</i>	66	place
<i>une</i>	79	June	<i>ch</i>	71	Christmas
<i>ain</i>	84	fountain	<i>kn</i>	83	knight

PHONOGRAMS	KEYWORDS	CONSONANT SOUNDS	KEYWORDS
ere 92	where	sl 94	slept
ead 108	lead	si 110	procession
ure 114	sure	ph 127	orphan
ess 115	dress	cl 133	close
ark 128	dark	z 136	freeze
at 142	what	gh 139	enough
ip 146	lip	g 147	gentle
eam 160	dream	th 147	fourth
oil 185	boil		

**TABLE OF PHONOGRAMS AND CONSONANT SOUNDS
CLASSIFIED FOR DRILL**

(This table includes all phonic sounds taught in connection with the Riverside Readers in first, second, and third grades. They are summarized here for review and drill.)

I. Phonograms classified according to vowel sounds.

- a* ay, ake, ain, ade, ame, ace ; at, and, ack, atch, am, ad, ang ; ass, ask, ast ; ar, ark ; aw, alk ; are (as in care) ; ain = in (as in fountain) ; at (as in what) ;
- e* e (ee), eep ; en, ed, et, ell, est, ess, ent ; er ; each, eat, ead (as in bead) ; ead (as in bread) ; ey (as in they) ; ere (as in where) ; ew.
- i* ine, ight, ide, ite, ime ; ing, in, ink, it, ig, im, id, ip, ish, ick ; ir.
- o* o (as in go), old ; ock, oss, ong ; orn ; ook (as in look), ood (as in good) ; oon (as in moon) ; ow, ound, own, out ; or=er (as in honor) ; on (as in wonder).
- u* une ; up, ut ; urn ; ut (as in put) ; ure ; ue.
- y* my.

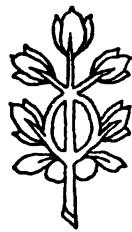
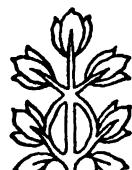
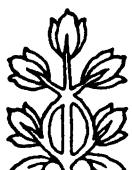
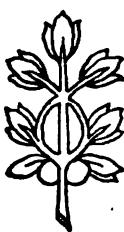
**II. Consonant Sounds, given in the order of their difficulty,
with equivalents.**

Single: b, c=k (as in can), c=s (as in certain), d, f, g
(as in get), g=j (as in gentle), h, j, k, l, m, n, p,
r, s (as in sing), s=z (as in as), t, v, w, x (as in
ox), x (as in exact), y (as in yes), z.

Double: wh, th (as in this), th (as in fourth), sh, gr, br,
cr, dr, fr, tr, st, fl, sl, pl, cl, bl, gl, sw, ch (as in
child), ch=k (as in Christmas), qu=kw (as in
quick), kn=n (as in knight), ph=f (as in orphan),
gh=f (as in enough), ng, ee=sh (as in ocean),
ci=sh (as in gracious), ti=sh (as in patient),
si=sh (as in procession).

**III. Phonograms and Consonant Sounds given in the order
of their importance as endings.**

ing, s, es, est, er, en, ed (as in waited), ed=d (as in
turned), ed=t (as in dropped), y (as in ready),
ess, or=er (as in honor), ure, ly, ish, ain=in (as in
fountain).

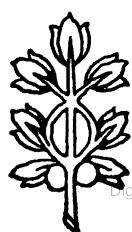
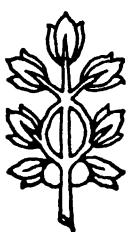
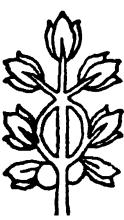
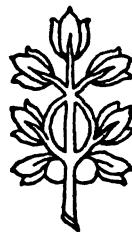
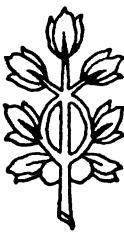
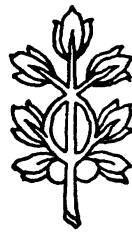
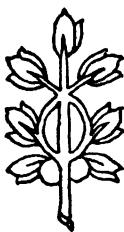


To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M-9-38

342

1943



Tx
428.42
V279
bk. 3

BALCONY COLLECTION
CURRICULUM LIBRAR



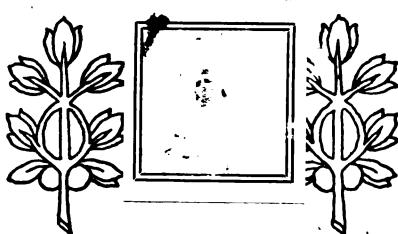
Van Sickle, J.H.
Third reader.

Tx
428.42
V279

NAME

DATE

Mabel Harriet
FEB 2 1919



LIBRARY. SCHOOL OF EDUCATION. STANFORD
588358

